

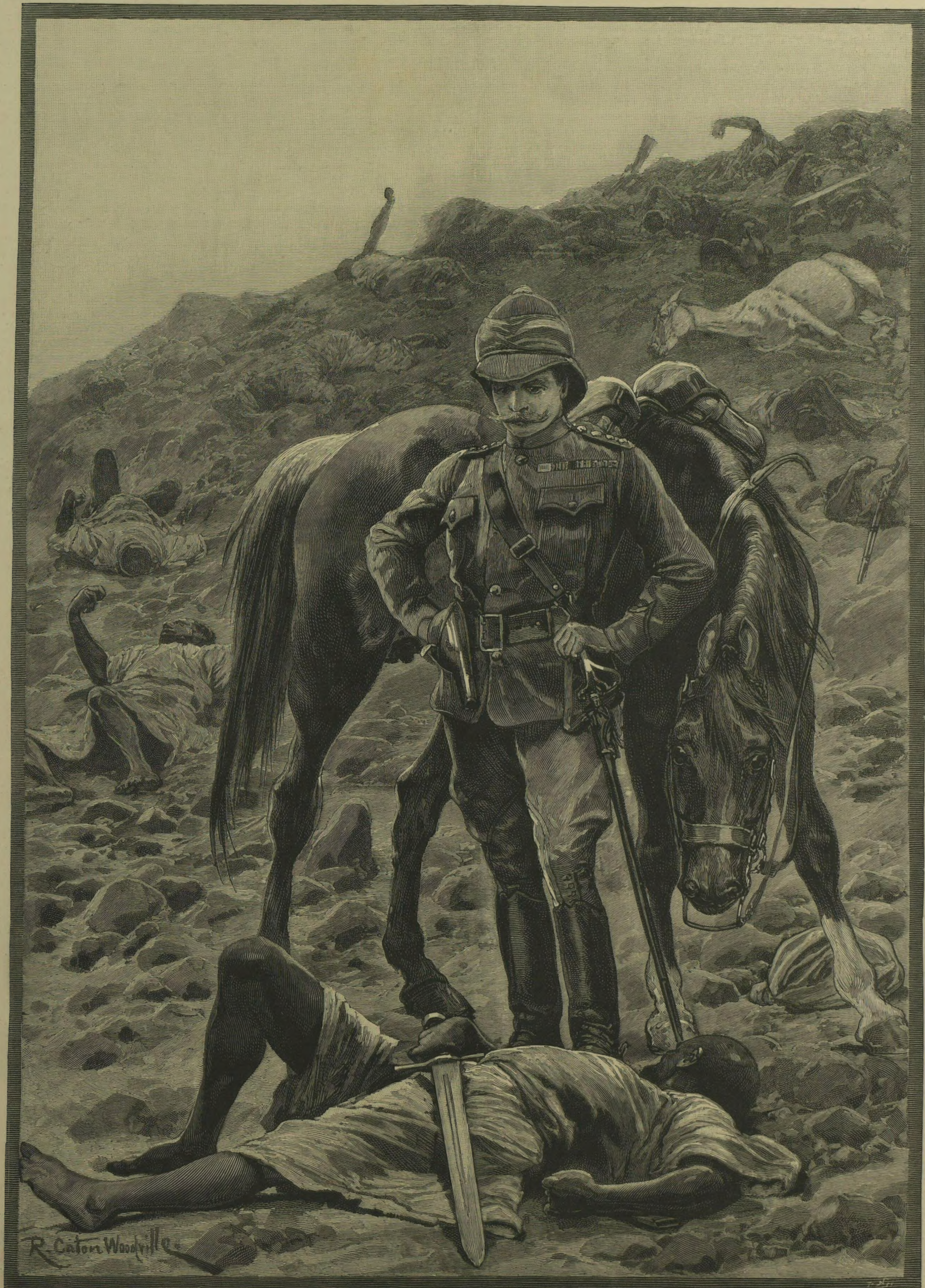
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: SLATIN PASHA FINDING AMONG THE SLAIN THE BODY OF ONE OF HIS OLD FRIENDS, THE EMIR HAMMUDA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DERVISH FORCES AT THE BATTLE OF FERKET.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"There is," remarks a modern philosopher, "a good deal of human nature about," and he ought to have added that it is pretty much the same human nature that it always has been. A letter of the Emperor Hadrian (in my school-time they left out the *H*, perhaps from vulgarity, and called him Adrian) has been unearthed in Egypt, written to one of those volunteer correspondents, with whom every age has been familiar, who told him that he had not long to live and was anything but fit to die. Hadrian, who was over sixty, was naturally annoyed, and replies testily that at his time of life men have generally made up their minds about the other world, but, at all events, have come to the conclusion that people had better confine their attention to their own business. I have not read the letter, because it is not written in English—though it might have been, for he had been in England—but that is the gist of it. It might have come by to-day's post from any old gentleman with whom the same liberty had been taken. I wonder whether such correspondents do any good; if so, I ought to be perfect, for I have plenty of them. Comparisons are odious; but judged from the modern point of view Hadrian's record was of a character to evoke such warnings. He was liberal in business matters, and "knew all his soldiers by name," which shows either a retentive memory or a small standing army; but "he killed more than five hundred thousand Jews" (says Lempriere), which even in Russia would be thought too many.

Mr. John Garnett, late postmaster of Windermere, and the oldest holder of such an office in England, is dead. To all that are acquainted with the Lake Country his personality, full of quickness and enterprise, must be familiar; his handsome shop, with its gallery of pictures, has been visited by all the "neogams" who have visited Windermere on their honeymoon. As a provincial publisher he was well known to many authors. Miss Martineau had a great regard for him, and at his establishment her Autobiography was printed, and remained there many years before its publication. He was very liberal in his dealings. I have especial cause to say so, for he published (I think) my first book, "The Lakes in Sunshine," illustrated (which was rare at that time) by photographs taken under his own superintendence, and he gave me £200 for it, which, I fear, he never saw back again. He was, I suppose, the most familiar figure in that locality for the last half-century, and was well acquainted with Wordsworth, Christopher North, and all the Lake notabilities.

Of one of them, not a poet, but the driver of the coach between Windermere and Keswick, he had many anecdotes which I can corroborate. Jack Sheldon was an excellent whip, but pushed his skill to extremity. He generally started down the long hill from the station with his horses at a canter while he read the morning paper. Timid lady passengers would draw his attention to the horses, at which he would look with the same indifferent air that Frederick the Great probably wore when his secretary observed to him, "Sire, the bomb!" "Oh, the horses are all right, Ma'am." "But do you always read the newspaper going down this dreadful hill?" "Always, Ma'am." I remember his stopping the coach at the end of Rydal, where the old road used only by foot-passengers makes a short cut over the hill. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have got a bet on that I get to the inn by the road quicker than Gawain Mackareth can go by the path. Those who don't like going quick had better get out and walk." Everybody tumbled out in a body, and, with an empty coach at full gallop, he won his wager. One of the most false positions I was ever placed in was sitting behind him with a young clergyman friend of mine, coming down Dunmail Raise at the usual pace. Jack turned right round, as if there were not four horses to look after, and favoured my companion with one of his tales. I had heard it before, not with approval, but with an embarrassed sufferance. My friend's face grew longer and longer (and no wonder). At last, perceiving that he was not appreciated, the raconteur turned from him with great contempt to me. "He ain't the right sort," he said, with a flourish of his whip, "he ain't." The deduction, alas! was only too obvious, though I protest I did not deserve it.

That prince of auctioneers, the not very late Mr. George Robins, in describing the manifold advantages of some rural retreat he was about to dispose of, confessed that there was one disadvantage connected with it—the tenant was liable to be disturbed by the nightingales which abounded in the locality. No one took this as a serious objection to the property, but rather, as was intended, as an enhancement of its charms. Yet it seems they ought to have done so, since an inhabitant of West London has applied to a magistrate to abate the nuisance in the neighbourhood of some caged ring-doves, whose continuous cooing kept him and his wife awake at night—

The plaintive wood-pigeon warbling nigh

got, it seems, upon their nerves. Perhaps it was so, but the incident is so far to be deplored that it may cast ridicule

upon the real grievance of the Bill that has been promised us for the suppression of street noises.

Of some people it has been said (under the mistaken idea, it would seem, of being complimentary) that nothing has become them so well as their deaths; of a good many more it may be written that nothing has misbecome them so much as their wills. It must be admitted, of course, that it would be difficult to make a will that would please all the legatees, and still more the folks that are not legatees, but it is certain that in their last testaments more than in any act (or deed) of their lives mankind are least wise, and (what is very strange under the circumstances) most selfish. A wealthy citizen of Montpellier has just been adding to the list of eccentrics by leaving five wills, each appointing a different person sole legatee. Four of them he has signally failed to please; and the fifth is, equally of course, threatened with a law suit. The most intelligent testator of whom there is any record never made any secret of his intentions, which he frankly acknowledged to be variable, lived for half his natural life with expectant relatives, always on the fat of the land, and died in the arms—or, more correctly speaking, in the grasp—of his favourite nephew, to whom he bequeathed all he had in the world—which was debts. Dr. Guthrie tells us of a parishioner of his who, when his last hour drew nigh, sent for his solicitor and dictated to him one of the most thoughtful, just, and liberal testaments on record. "But, Mr. Macnab," said the man of business, "are you sure you have all this money to bestow on your friends?" "Oh, dear, no!" he replied, "but I just want to show them my good will." The most selfish will (which is a strong thing to say) that probably ever was made was that of Sir Thomas Bancroft, an officer of the Lord Mayor, and (as Mr. Croake James describes him) "a very oppressive knave." When Judge Curwen, an American, visited London in 1775 he was shown his monument at Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. He had left his money to trustees to be improved till his rising from the dead, when he imagined it would be returned to him. In the meantime his body was kept in a coffin with a bolt that could be withdrawn from inside, and which was deposited in a tomb with a glass window and a glass door, which were to be opened once a year to see how he was getting on. His directions had been complied with up to that date, but the trustees at last erected almshouses at Mile End with the money. Let us hope a sum was reserved for him "in case," at all events.

The "In Memoriam" notices in the *Times* are sometimes expressed rather queerly, but in the *Statesman* of India the other day I read one which I think the advertiser must by this time have regretted he had not worded rather differently. It was inserted in "ever-loving memory" of a wife who had died exactly twelve months ago—

A year of peace, a year of rest,
But still her memory is blest.

There is nothing that marks our descent into old age so clearly as the deaths of our contemporaries—their tombs are the mile-stones on the last journey of our lives. Whether we shall see them again or not is doubtful. Pope observes: "Our flattering ourselves here with the thoughts of enjoying the company of our friends when in the other world may be but too like the Indians thinking that they shall have their dogs and horses there." The parallel is not very courteous, but as to their dying, the facts are not only certain but can (in a general way) be predicted. I was reminded of this by a conversation I had with a practical friend of mine the other day upon the subject. "Nothing," he said, "can be more illogical than the indignant attitude taken by some poets (such as Tennyson and Walt Whitman, for example) with respect to the disappointment we should feel in case of there being no life beyond the grave; for if there is none how can we be disappointed?" I dislike this cast-iron kind of argument, and replied a little dryly: "Still, I suppose one may be sorry to lose one's friends?" and mentioned some of those known to both of us who had departed lately. "You remind me," he replied, "of the answer of Morgan, the actuary, to a friend of his who was maundering about the number of his lost contemporaries; he took down a book from his office shelf and remarked: 'You ought to have lost them and three more.'" Mr. Morgan must have been a genial person.

The prayer of the young negro preacher, "Oh, Lord, make me conspicuous!" finds an echo in these days in many bosoms. Outside the ranks of literature, but burning to be inside, are a great number of these good people. They cannot write, but they read immensely, generally to improve their minds; it is these folks who tackle "the hundred best books" and stick to them with an admirable perseverance. The result is that they are educated beyond their wits. They suffer from a sort of indigestion of the intelligence, but their appetite for literary notoriety remains unappeased. Their best road to this, since they can cut out no path of their own, is to start a tercentenary of some old writer whom few people care anything about but themselves; nobody in reality knows much about him, but by judicious advertising the world is compelled to know something of the committee and the honorary secretary. This is the safest kind of memorial, because few folks know enough of

the object of adoration to turn it into ridicule; but the better chance for subscriptions lies in centenaries, and still more in jubilees. The world is easily persuaded that it has unwittingly let some author die who is deserving of immortality, and accordingly he is resuscitated. It is a profitless business except to the promoters, and ends in a tedious public meeting, and perhaps a medallion. I am thankful to think that there is likely to be an end to these impostures; they cannot surely survive a jubilee of wooden legs. A gentleman has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of this useful appendage. Of the leg that is in the grave he has not, alas! a word to say, but he has given an entertainment in honour of its substitute! An indignant newspaper correspondent complains that he has had a wooden leg for sixty years without any fuss being made about it; but that is his fault; he does not understand the jubilee business. However, there can hardly be a lower deep for it to sink into than a wooden leg, except, indeed, the jubilee of one's wig or a stopped tooth.

It is thought that youth, in the literary calling, is a disadvantage. Editors tell young contributors that they must "fill their basket"—an offensive metaphorical allusion to their want of material for their proposed profession; no hope is held out to them of employment till their minds have become more mature. I had no idea that there was any royal road to publication myself, till I read of it in the advertisement-sheet of my Sunday paper. It is matrimony. The younger you are, the better chance you will have of becoming a popular novelist—only you must first make yourself popular with a young lady of means. "Wanted, a cultured lady, spinster or widow, with a small capital, to assist a young author to publish a novel which has every chance of success; view—Matrimony." The last phrase strikes one as being, for a youthful novelist, a little curt. His means must be narrow indeed to cut down an offer of marriage to such very small dimensions. But what still more excites astonishment is, I do not say the unimportant reason for his changing his condition—for nothing is so important as getting one's novel published—but its temporary character; for, however admirable may be the work in question and however certain its immortality in a literary sense, when it is once brought out the lady's mission has been performed and she has nothing but her "culture" to attract him. The young gentleman's intentions are, doubtless, "honourable," and certainly not "remote," but the proposition itself seems to err so far on the side of frankness as to be a little rude. There are plenty of young gentlemen in the same advertisement column who confess that the idea of being "helped on in their profession" is not wholly disconnected with their more romantic aspirations, but they have not the audacity to base them on a single business transaction.

Those who are acquainted with Miss Jane Barlow's literary work—and their numbers are increasing fast—are always in doubt whether she is at her best in humour or in pathos. In her latest book, "Mrs. Martin's Company," there is plenty of both. The subject of all the stories is, as usual, the Irish peasant; but in her hands we never get too much of him, whether (to use an expression that smacks of the soil) he is a man or a woman. The melancholy which hangs about almost all stories of "the distressful country" is to be found here as elsewhere, but it is relieved by excellent fun. One of the stories in this little volume is "A Case of Conscience," a charming illustration of what may be made by a writer of genius out of the simplest material. The Widdy Quinn has been entrusted by her friend and patroness, Miss Una Ellis, who has gone from home, with her pet cat Triptolemus, and an allowance of two shillings a week paid for his keep. "Some lengths of the beautifullest-coloured ribbons I ever witnessed, unless it might be in a rainbow," are sent for his decoration—

Saints alive, but the baste was sot up and consnited over it! He wouldn't look the way one of us was, but out of the house he traped, to show himself off belike. You'd mind the figure of him yit, if you'd seen him stompin' slow across the street there, wid his tail like a church steeple, and liftin' up his ould feet as if he was steppin' over hot pitaties.

This splendid creature, however, in the first hour of triumph is killed by Barney Keogh's terrier dog, and the Widdy's temptation is to pass off her own cat Minnie, who is very like him save for a white forepaw, for her departed guest. The thought of sending back the ten shilling order for weeks in advance, "and ne'er another one comin'," and the pitaties middlin', and pigs goin' low—is too hard a trial for her conscience. So she keeps saying to herself—

Same as if I was at me beads: "It's Minnie's kilt—it's Minnie's kilt." But ochone, your Honour [she is confessing her crime to Miss Una's lover] the way one thing grows out of another does be terrific. Sure the very next day I had to be gettin' Foxy Doran's lad to do a letter for me to poor Miss Una tellin' her Triptolemus was keepin' finely, and I wondherin' to meself that the ink didn't dhry into sut in his pen wid me inventions.

She is horrified at her own success when the neighbours tell her that—

The baste was grown as friendly wid her as her own poor Minnie. "Sure of an evenin', when she'll be rowled up fornint me in the chair, blinkin' her two eyes at me, and carryin' on like an ould cushion wid a creak in it, I do whiles git past me patience, and 'Bad luck to you then,' I'll say, 'sittin' cocked up there in contintment, purrin' and purrin', and dammin' me sowl.'"

A more amusing study from life would be hard to find.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The battle of Ferket, or Ferkeh, sixteen miles south of Akasheh, on the Nile, where on June 7 the Anglo-Egyptian army, commanded by the Sirdar, General Sir Herbert Kitchener, in the service of the Khedive, defeated the whole force of the "Dervishes" under command of the Emir Hammuda, capturing the hostile camp and inflicting such losses upon the enemy as to compel him to abandon Suarda, an important position thirty miles distant, was an event probably decisive with regard to the early reconquest of the Nubian portion of the Soudan.

Our Artist's sketches and engravings illustrating the battle of Ferket will, therefore, be regarded with just complacency by English readers. They exhibit, with remarkable precision, in three separate views, the critical instants of the different actions performed by the three Infantry Brigades, namely—the 1st, under Major Lewis, consisting of the 3rd and 4th Egyptian battalions, and the 10th Soudanese battalion; the 2nd Brigade, under Major Macdonald, composed of the 9th, 11th, and 13th Soudanese battalions; and the 3rd Brigade, under Major Maxwell, formed of the 2nd, 7th, and 8th Egyptian battalions. These troops, advancing by a night march twelve miles along the right bank of the river, with the 2nd and 3rd batteries of field artillery and two Maxim guns, arrived by five o'clock in the morning at Ferket, and found the enemy posted on the hills behind the village, with three camps, named the Jahalin, the Baggara, and the Jehadia, from the designation of the tribal or titular divisions of their warriors, and in numbers considerably exceeding the Anglo-Egyptian force, which was reckoned at seven thousand in all. While Major Lewis, with the 1st Brigade, on the right, attacked the Jahalin camp on the river-bank, the 2nd Brigade, that of Major Macdonald, throwing itself forward about one mile, assailed the mass of the enemy's cavalry on the hills around the Jehadia camp, the centre of the hostile position, which is the scene represented in our double-page Engraving. The 9th Soudanese bat-

alion, led by Major Hackett Pain, was first engaged, and was presently supported on its right by Major Jackson with the 11th, these bearing the brunt of the conflict. Major Maxwell's Brigade, the 3rd, afterwards intercepted the escape of the enemy to the eastward and aided in driving many of them to the river-bank, where those who remained were soon compelled to surrender. In the meantime, on the heights to the east of Ferket, Major Burn-Murdoch's cavalry brigade, with Captain Tudway's camel corps and a battery of horse artillery, was ready to pursue the retreating foe all the way to Suarda, and did, in fact, take possession of that place on the next morning. The commander of the Dervish army and some forty of the other Emirs were killed, with a thousand of the men, and all their stores were lost. The dead body of the Emir Hammuda, with two mortal wounds, lay among the slain. It was recognised by Slatin Pasha, the Austrian officer who was formerly one of Gordon's assistants in the government of the Soudan, and who, after the fall of Khartoum, endured a long captivity at Omdurman, from which he escaped and returned to Egypt, and is now associated with Major Wingate in the Intelligence Department of this expedition.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

The military preparations at Buluwayo for General Sir Frederick Carrington's intended main attack upon the positions held by the Matabili rebel forces in the Matoppo hill country are now approaching completion; and the combined movement of several columns to the south, the south-east, and the south-west of Buluwayo, with a view to close the exits from the rocky highland district, is expected to begin towards the end of July. Colonel Plumer's column, which was engaged in the action of July 5 at Thaba Imamba, beyond Inyate, will operate on the western side.

A distinguished spectator of the fighting upon that occasion was Mr. Cecil Rhodes, carrying only his light walking-cane, but as much exposed to the enemy's fire as most of the active combatants were. It is said that one of the Matabili discharged his rifle at Mr. Rhodes within eight paces' distance, but failed to hit him. The seven-pounder gun was found most useful for shelling the enemy's position on the Insiza hills. Our Special Artist at Buluwayo, Mr. Melton Prior, has drawn a group of portraits of several of the leading men now engaged in the business of civil administration, including Earl Grey, a director of the Chartered Company of British South Africa, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Sir C. Metcalf, and Mr. C. W. Jarvis. The reorganisation of an armed police force to keep order throughout the whole territory is at present their most urgent task. In Mashonaland, where a hundred and fifty settlers have lost their lives by the recent massacre, Fort Charter, as well as Fort Salisbury, may now be considered quite safe; but the remoter mining districts are still overrun by hostile savage bands, and fresh instances of their cruelty are daily made known.

THE AMERICAN HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY IN ENGLAND.

The reception by her Majesty at Windsor, on Wednesday, July 8, of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, who arrived by the Cunard steam-ship *Servia* at Liverpool the day before, and were fraternally greeted in the evening by the London Artillery Company

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior. Mr. C. W. Jarvis.



Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Sir Charles Metcalf.

Earl Grey.

DISTINGUISHED MEN IN MATABILLAND.

at their well-known headquarters in the City, was a very pleasing scene. It was one which must enhance, as well as dignify, by the expression of royal and personal sympathetic cordiality, that friendly feeling towards the great American Republic and all its citizens which Queen Victoria sincerely cherishes equally with all her people. The visitors, mustering 130, in their blue uniform with scarlet facings, and black helmets, under command of Colonel H. Walker, with Major Du Chesney, accompanied by sixty ladies, were met at the Windsor station of the London and South-Western Railway by the Mayor and some of the Corporation of Windsor, who presented an address of welcome. In replying to this Captain Walker mentioned that the founder of his corps in 1638, Robert Keayne, was an ancient citizen of Windsor, for which town and for London and for Old England as the mother-country of their ancestors, the men of New England still felt a warm affection. They marched, with a guard of honour formed of Windsor Volunteers, and with the United States flag flying, up to the Castle, where they were received by Lord Edward Pelham and other officers of the royal household. After being conducted through the State apartments they came out on the east terrace and were paraded, with the flag, on the adjacent lawn. Sir John McNeill, the Earl of Denbigh, commanding the London Hon. Artillery Company, and Captain Wray, its Adjutant, were present; also the American Ambassador, Mr. J. F. Bayard. The Queen, with Princess Frederica of Hanover, in an open carriage, drove along the road and stopped in front of the American civic soldiers. They saluted her Majesty; their commanding officers were presented, and exchanged a few words of courtesy with her; the battalion then marched past, and reformed in line in returning. The American ladies made their curtsy, and the Queen bowed to them. Luncheon in the orangery was provided

for the whole party. This visit to Windsor was followed next day by the excursion to Aldershot Camp, where they were received by the Duke of Connaught, and there was a review of the troops under his command. Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Earl of Denbigh were present. In the evening, at the Holborn Restaurant, the Massachusetts Honourable Artillery Company entertained at dinner the Prince of Wales, Captain-General and Colonel of the London Honourable Artillery Company, with the Duke of Connaught and many officers. Colonel Walker, of Boston, commanding the American visitors, was in the chair. Mr. Bayard was one of the speakers. On Friday they were received by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

LI-HUNG-CHANG'S EUROPEAN TOUR.

The eminent Chinese statesman, now seventy-three years of age, whose visits to several foreign capitals and interviews with notable personages in our part of the world have been chronicled in the daily newspapers, arrived on July 8 at Brussels, from the Hague, and was received by King Leopold next day. He has since gone to Paris, and is now expected in London, but has declined the journey to Vienna, pleading fatigue. On Tuesday he was received with much ceremony, at the Elysée Palace, by the President and Ministers of the French Republic. His Excellency will come to London, as now arranged, on Aug. 3, and will stay four weeks in our country. He is the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor

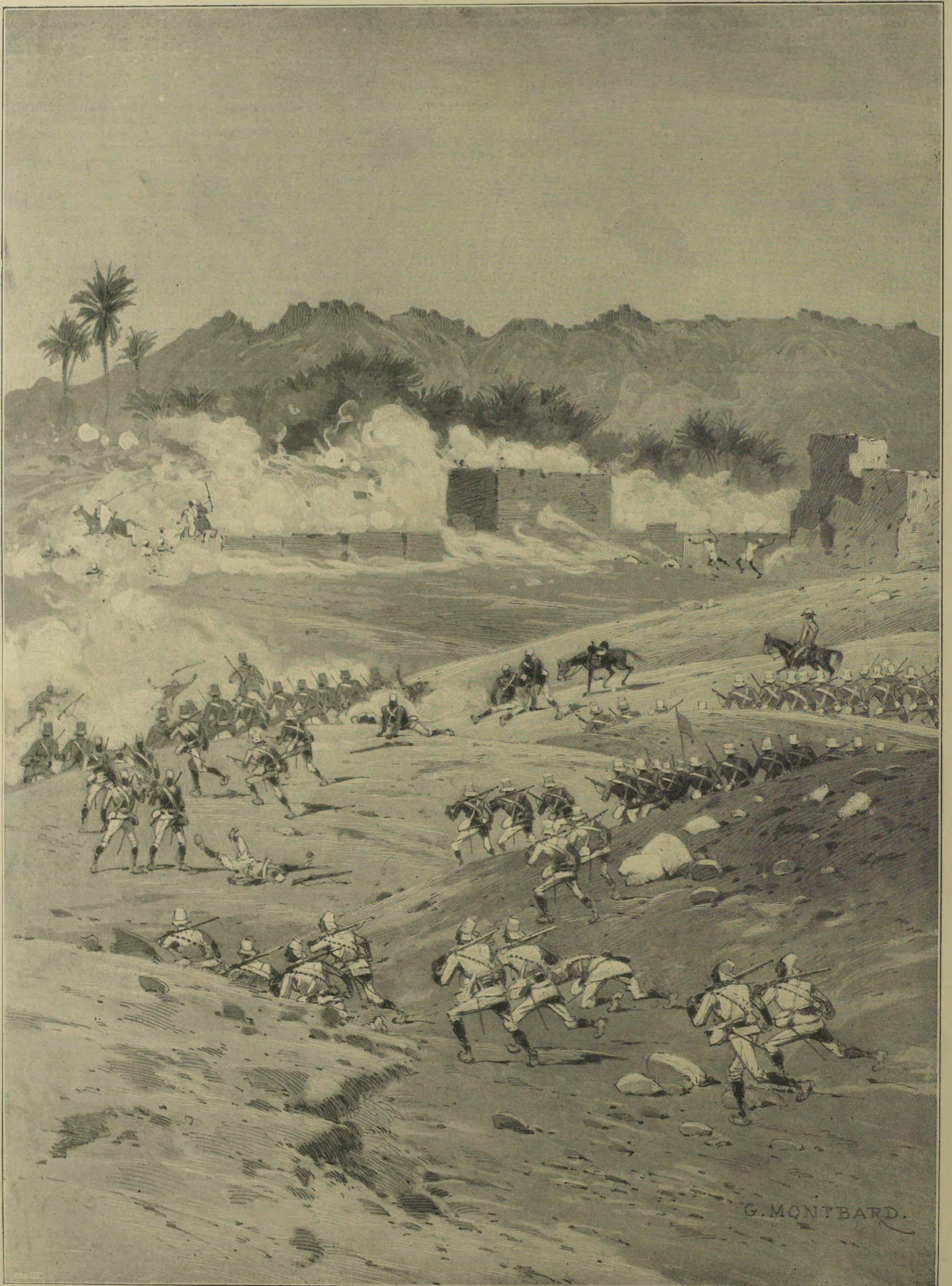
of China to Queen Victoria, and has full credentials as Ambassador and Envoy Extraordinary to her Majesty's Court. Our Government will therefore be prepared to receive Li-Hung-Chang as a State visitor, and to entertain him at the public expense. In Germany, though he inspected Krupp's great iron and steel manufactory at Essen, he gave no orders for cannon or engines, whereat the commercial classes express some disappointment. His interview at Friedrichsruhe with Prince Bismarck, lately mentioned by us, was somewhat characteristic of both those

renowned imperial politicians. Yet we cannot perceive in their respective careers, looking at the comparative positions of the German and of the Chinese Empire, such a parallel of successful administration that one might speak of "the Bismarck of the East and the Li-Hung-Chang of the West." These words, quoted in a Berlin report of their meeting as having been inscribed in Bismarck's visiting-book, may possibly not be authentic; nor is it likely that the astute Chinese diplomatist asked his Prussian host, the ex-Chancellor of the Empire: "How can I successfully work against the Peking Court?" If such a question were put, indeed, Bismarck would certainly answer, as is reported: "Against the will of the monarch or ruler a statesman can only advise." Whatever they actually said to each other, our illustration of the meeting has some interest. Count Herbert Bismarck and Count Rantzau were in attendance, with several of the Chinese Minister's suite.

ROYAL HANDS BY RÖNTGEN RAYS.

(See Supplement.)

We publish to-day two royal hands—one of the Duke the other of the Duchess of York—taken by the Röntgen rays on the occasion of a recent visit of their Royal Highnesses to the Middlesex Hospital. They are excellent specimens of the new photography: the bones of hand and wrist have never come out with greater clearness. Possibly this representation of royal hands may cause a slight shock at first to loyal subjects; but the Röntgen ray "is no respecter of persons," and gives a touch of homeliness to the most illustrious anatomy. Their Royal Highnesses do not mind that, however, and in return we may congratulate them on the excellent condition of the hands which they have submitted to this scientific inquisition.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—THE BATTLE OF FERKET: THE 1st BRIGADE, UNDER MAJOR LEWIS, CLEARING THE RIVER BANK AND STORMING THE OUTWORKS OF THE JAHALIN CAMP.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



THE GRAND OLD MEN OF GERMANY AND CHINA CONVERSING ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE OF FRIEDRICHSRUHE.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, is only thirty-six years old, just over the age required for a nomination to the highest office in the American Union. A native of Nebraska, he is popularly known as the Boy Orator of the State. His capacity for rhetorical appeal may be judged from the tremendous enthusiasm of the Democratic Convention at Chicago. Mr. Bryan represents the Free Silver, Populist, and Socialist element in his party. What is more serious, he represents the revolt of the West against the commercial standards of the Eastern States. Mr. Bryan does not command the unanimous support of his party, for the Gold Democrats have repudiated his candidature, and will either vote for Mr. McKinley or hold aloof from the contest. Disinterested observers pay a high tribute to Mr. Bryan's personal gifts, but as his views on the silver question involve the repudiation of debts, they cannot make headway without threatening the whole commercial fabric in the United States.

M. Billiotti, British Consul in Crete, has suddenly sprung into fame. He was chosen as the medium for the distribution of the money raised in this country for the benefit of starving Cretans. The Sultan gave his sanction to this project, and what the Sultan sanctions might be supposed to be absolutely free from European guile. But it is announced that M. Billiotti's charitable mission has been vetoed by the Powers on the ground that it might be "misinterpreted." The only meaning that can be extracted from this singular proceeding is that Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy do not believe in the good faith of Great Britain. We are suspected of seeking to use M. Billiotti as an agent for winning over the Cretans to British policy by distributing charitable subscriptions. In Europe we have a monopoly of charity, and this excites the suspicion that our sympathy with the starving islanders is a cloak for our hypocrisy.

Sir William Mac Cormac, the newly elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, was born in 1836. He is a native of Belfast, and had a distinguished career at the Royal University of Ireland. On the outbreak of the Franco-German War he was one of the English-speaking doctors who went to the field of action, and he did service to the sick and wounded in Paris and in Metz. About

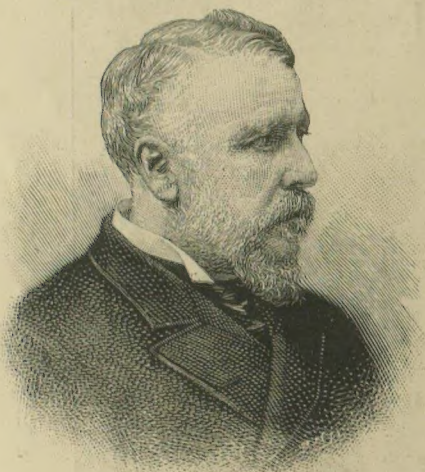


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
SIR WILLIAM MAC CORMAC.

that date Sir William left Belfast for London, which has since been the scene of his successful career. With St. Thomas's Hospital his name is honourably associated in a variety of posts; and at the meeting of the International Congress of Medicine in London in 1881 he rendered services as honorary secretary which were rewarded by a knighthood. With the College of Surgeons his connection has been an old one—first as member of the Council, then as Examiner, then as Vice-President twice over, and now as President. Sir William has also contributed largely to the literature of his profession.

We are sad at Covent Garden, for the De Reszkes have made their final bow, and having "twitched their mantles blue" have flitted to "fresh woods and pastures new." Their last performance in "Tristan und Isolde" was worthy of the extraordinary standard of excellence which they have set up for themselves during this season. Never has Jean de Reszke sung with so rapturous a fervour and so splendid a sincerity as upon this occasion. In the love-duet he was transformed into the absolute Tristan of Wagner's ideal. If only Wagner could have heard him! His Walther—in "Die Meistersinger"—was great; his Tristan is supreme. It was, however, in "Die Meistersinger" that Edouard de Reszke was at his best as Hans Sachs. They leave London with the good wishes and admiration of all musicians.

And now that the season is drawing to a close, one looks forward with some anxiety to the future of opera in London. Vague schemes are floating in the air, and, like the Irishman of fame, everybody seems eager to nip them in the bud. It is certain, however, that a syndicate of subscribers is in course of formation. The institution of the subscription reached so high a stage of development under Sir Augustus Harris that the work of his creation is now moving itself to support his scheme. It is highly probable that the subscribers' list for next year will be easily filled, and it will then remain to find an energetic manager to conduct all else to a favourable issue. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Mr. Neil Forsyth, who has practically managed the Opera for two years, and knows every detail of its business, will continue, under this new arrangement, to lend his admirable services to Covent Garden. There can be little doubt, however, that this will be so.

Visitors to Henley Regatta were much entertained and mystified by a troupe of minstrels bearing the magic word "Johannis," who wore yellow masks and occupied a highly decorative punt. Their accomplishments were unusually varied, for they sang French, Italian, and Spanish songs with a skill and facility which suggested that they were artists from the Opera or members of the oldest nobility on the Continent. It is whispered, however, that they are Americans, and we hope that their popularity consoled them for the defeat of Yale.

There is much regret for the death at Ambigol Wells of Major "Roddy" Owen, who succumbed to an attack of cholera, which has robbed the Soudan Expedition of one of its most intrepid spirits.



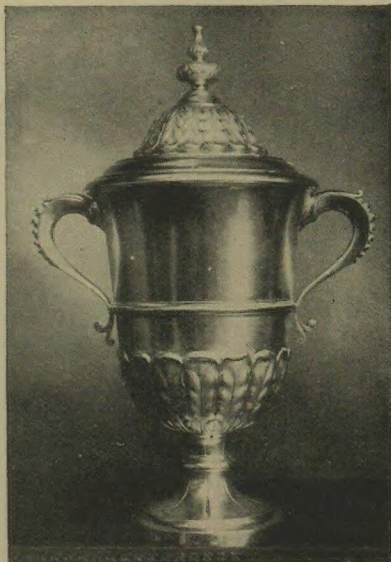
Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.
THE LATE MAJOR RODERICK OWEN,
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.

Wherever there was fighting to be done he was eager to be in it. At home he enjoyed the reputation of one of the best soldiers in the service and one of the best sportsmen. There were few athletic games in which he did not excel, and he was first among amateur horsemen. He won the Sandown Grand Prize on Franciscan in 1890, and in the following year rode Maypole to victory in the same race. In 1892 he rode the winner, Father O'Flynn, in the Liverpool Grand National. His melancholy death was due not to any virulence in the cholera outbreak, but to the weakness of a constitution which had sustained many attacks from the insidious maladies of the East.

M. Hitrovo, the Russian Minister to Japan, has ended a tempestuous career. When M. Hitrovo was at Sofia, he was the stormy petrel of Russian aggrandisement in the Balkans. He encouraged Prince Alexander to take the step which led to the reunion of the two Bulgarias. When it was plain that Alexander was a refractory pupil of Russian diplomacy, M. Hitrovo carried on at Bucharest the intrigues which culminated in the kidnapping of the Bulgarian ruler. The Russian diplomatist made no concealment of his methods. He was in the habit of boasting that he never hesitated to use criminals as instruments of statecraft. Not even General Ignatieff was a more striking example of what English journalists were accustomed to call the wily Muscovite.

The Leighton sale has had its surprises. First of all, the small oil sketches, of which the late President brought home a supply from every journey he made, have turned out to be prizes in the commercial world, as the few who saw them in his own home always rated them to be in the domain of art. If there were disappointments in the auction-room—and the poor prices fetched by the "Phryne," the "Rizpah," and the "Perseus" must undeniably be classed as such—there was also this great consolation, that the verdict of the lover of art and that of the dealer in it were at one as to the wonderful oil sketches of Lord Leighton. Valued, as many of them roughly were, for probate at from £5 to £10, they fetched, in a good many cases, sums varying from fifty to one hundred guineas apiece. There is just this little regret about it—that the triumph of the sketches comes too late; for Lord Leighton never guessed how great would be the value attached to them—value in all senses of the word. The record given in a leading daily paper of the purchase of three of these sketches by "Mr. Homes," errs on the side of too much discretion. They were bought, as a matter of fact, by Mr. Holmes, the Queen's librarian, on behalf of her Majesty, who is already the possessor of a good many of her favourite President's oil sketches.

By the public spirit of Mr. Clement Walker a monument has been erected near the parish church of Cripplegate in honour of Hemyng and Correll, Shakspeare's first editors, who are buried there. If those two actors, who enjoyed the friendship of the poet, had not collected his literary remains, it is not improbable that his plays



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" BISLEY CUP.

One of the many prizes competed for at Bisley, where the thirty-seventh meeting of the National Rifle Association began on July 13, is the "All Corners" Cup given by the Proprietors of the Daily Telegraph. The Cup, which is the handiwork of the firm of J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, is of silver, chased in relief, and was first presented in 1893.

would have perished. Fortunately, Shakspeare's friends were not all as careless as himself of his own fame.

A London magistrate has been making a personal acquaintance with the risks of cycling. He was thrown from his bicycle at Brighton under the horses of a dray, and had a narrow escape. When Mr. Plowden sits on the bench and listens to the complaints of cyclists or of their detractors, he will be able to draw on his personal experience for the necessary wisdom.

Osprey plumes will have no place in Princess Maud's trousseau. It was stated that the Princess would have some hats trimmed with these feathers, which are plucked from the living bird. The *Daily Chronicle* appealed to her Royal Highness not to encourage a particularly odious form of cruelty, and now it is announced that there are to be no "egrets" among the bride's finery. This will be welcome news to the various societies for the protection of beautiful birds; but whether it will give a serious check to the Moloch of fashion remains to be seen.

Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget's sudden death, from a stroke of paralysis, removes a conspicuous name from the ranks of diplomacy. In that profession, as a great novelist has observed, promotion is slow, and it comes mostly by the passing away of figures that have been long familiar and often beloved. Nobody, however, was waiting to step into the shoes of Sir Augustus, who had been on the retired list for some years, after a varied and useful career of half a century. The fourth son of Sir Arthur Paget, G.C.B., and nephew of the first Marquis of Anglesey, Augustus Paget was born in 1823, and began public life in 1843 as a *Chargé des Archives* in Madrid. His second post was that of *Précis Writer* to Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary under Sir Robert Peel's Premiership. Henceforth his career was one of promotion on promotion, first in connection with the British Embassy at Paris (where he saw the Second Empire established), then successively in Athens, in Egypt, in The Hague, in Lisbon, and in Berlin, whence he leapt to the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Saxony. The Danish capital was his next sphere, and, after a second tenure of office in Lisbon, he went to Italy with the full rank of Ambassador Extraordinary, and he was present when Victor Emmanuel died.

After sixteen years—among the most eventful in history—in Rome, Sir Augustus Paget proceeded to Vienna, where he stayed until his retirement from the service in 1893. His leisure he devoted largely to the filial task of preparing the memoirs of his father, which have lately had a great vogue. Sir Augustus, who married in 1860 the Countess Hohenthal, leaves three children—two sons, of whom one is a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and the other in diplomacy, and one daughter, who is the wife of Lord Windsor.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE SIR AUGUSTUS BERKELEY PAGET.

PARLIAMENT.

The Agricultural Rating Bill for Scotland has been thoroughly discussed by the Scotch members on the second reading. There was nothing novel in the debate. Precisely the same arguments for and against the English Bill were adduced by Scotchmen in regard to the measure which specially concerned themselves. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman moved a hostile amendment in a speech which gave much satisfaction to members on his own side. Sir George Trevelyan was equally emphatic against the Government, and Mr. Shaw, formerly Solicitor-General for Scotland, assured the House that if Glasgow could be polled it would give a heavy vote for the Opposition on this question. All this made no impression on the supporters of the Bill, who had heard it all before, and the second reading was carried by the normal majority of the Ministry. With regard to their Irish Land Bill, Ministers are more elastic, and the Chief Secretary announced that if the amendments he had put down were not satisfactory to the Irish members, the Government would "reconsider their position." They were understood to mean that Mr. T. W. Russell, the Secretary of the Local Government Board, had explained to the Cabinet that the amendments were unpopular in Ulster. The discussion of the Education Estimates was remarkable chiefly for a strong attack on the administration of South Kensington Museum. An attempt was made in Committee on the Finance Bill to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer to restrict the exemption of pictures from estate duty to collections which were open to the public; but while sympathising with the natural desire of taxpayers to inspect works of art valuable enough to escape taxation, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach could not see his way to make any hard-and-fast rule. In the House of Lords, the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was read a third time by a majority of 38 after a lively debate, in which the Duke of Argyll spoke strongly against the measure. He said that its supporters had no logic and no religion, and that its object was to restore the "abominable customs of the heathen." The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught, who all voted for the Bill, did not seem to be abashed by the Duke of Argyll's eloquence.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Duke and Duchess of York visited her Majesty on Sunday. On Friday Lord and Lady Wolseley and Sir Philip Currie, the Queen's Ambassador at Constantinople, dined with her Majesty. The Nawab Sultan-ul-Mulk was presented to her Majesty by Sir Gerald Vesey Fitzgerald, from the India Office.

A garden-party was given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Monday afternoon; the Prince and Princess of Wales received the guests. The Queen comes to London on Tuesday, July 21, to be present at the wedding of Princess Maud next day.

Prince Charles of Denmark, the bridegroom of Princess Maud, arrived in England on Saturday, and is the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, went to Limpsfield, Surrey, to open the new Convalescent Home for patients of the

Nickalls, of the London Rowing Club, took the Nickalls Challenge Cup.

Sir Walter Besant on Saturday unveiled the memorial window in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, formerly St. Mary Overies, intended to perpetuate the name of Philip Massinger, the dramatic poet, and in his speech referred to the other interesting associations of English literary history with that fine old church.

An alarming accident, which fortunately did not kill more than one person, took place early on Monday morning at Preston, on the London and North-Western railway line to Scotland. The eight o'clock evening express train for Aberdeen, with two engines drawing six passenger carriages at extreme speed, rushed through the station, missed the points beyond, and sprang off the rails; it tore along eighty yards through the ballast, and all the carriages but one were overturned. A young Scotchman, Donald Mavor, was found dead, and some of the other passengers were slightly injured.

The official inquiry held by Mr. Marsham, under the

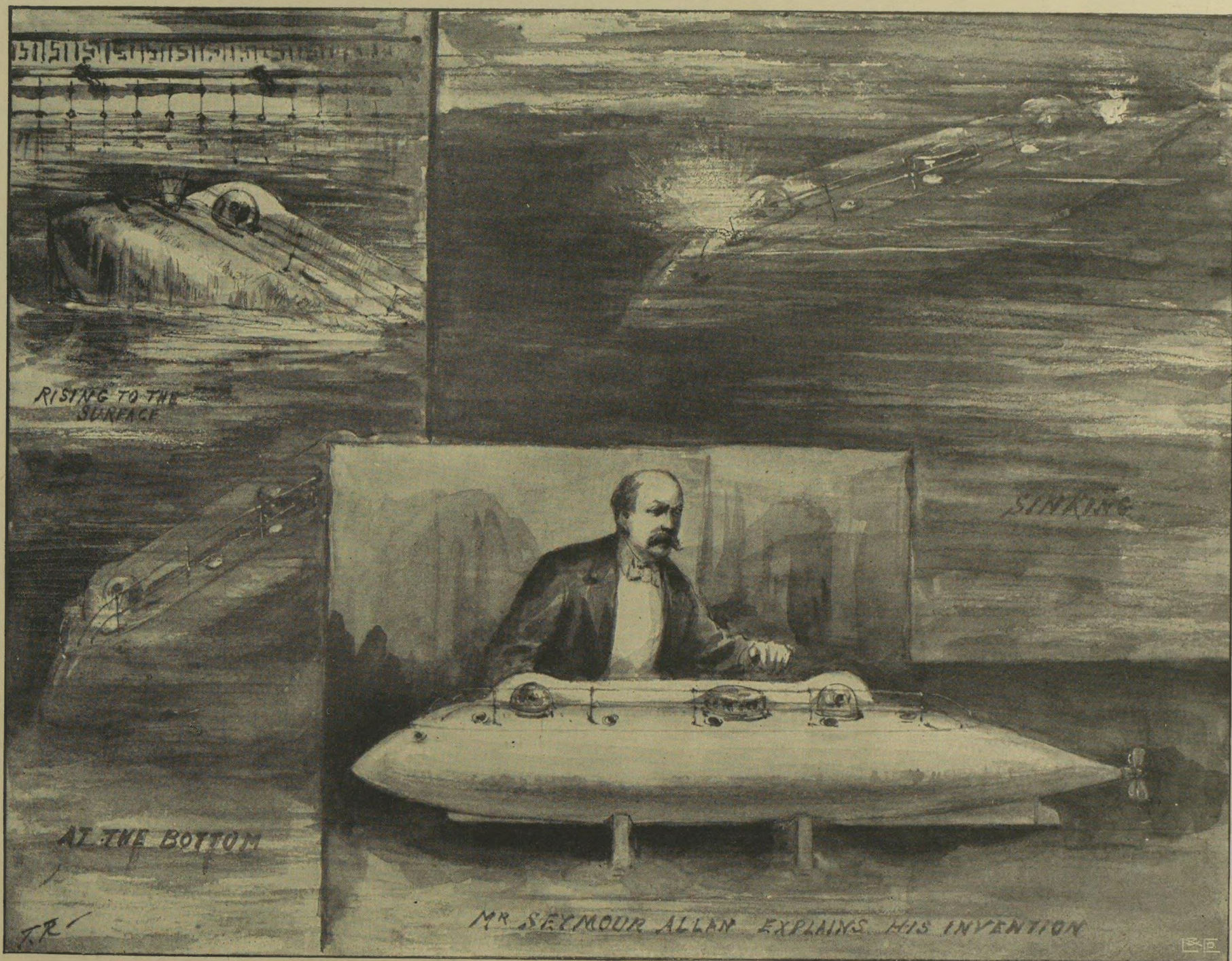
The French Senate, before closing its session, on Saturday, passed the Government Bill for creating Madagascar a new French colony, instead of a Protectorate, with the effect of abrogating certain treaties that existed between Madagascar and foreign Powers.

In the United States of America the Convention of the Democratic party at Chicago to nominate a candidate of that party for the Presidential election in November has issued in the choice of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, while Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, is put forward as Vice-President. It is believed that the Republican party candidate, Mr. William McKinley, tariff Protectionist, is most likely to be the President.

On Saturday, near Logan, in the State of Iowa, two railway trains came into collision from opposite directions; twenty-seven passengers were killed and fifty-one injured.

A NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

On Monday evening there was exhibited in the St. George's Swimming Bath, Buckingham Palace Road, a large model



TRIAL OF A MODEL OF A NEW SUBMARINE TORPEDO-VESSEL AND BLOCKADE-RUNNER IN THE ST. GEORGE'S SWIMMING BATH, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD.

Charing Cross Hospital, to which Mr. Passmore Edwards has contributed the cost of the site and grounds.

The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday visited the Middlesex Industrial Schools at Feltham, and presented the prizes, expressing a hope that many of the boys would serve in the Army or Navy.

A Cabinet Council of the Ministry was held on Saturday.

The preliminary cruise of the fleets engaged in the naval manoeuvres began on Monday with the sailing of the Channel Squadron under Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, from Portland to Berehaven, and of the Reserve, under Vice-Admiral E. H. Seymour, from Plymouth; the former comprising six first-class battle-ships and fourteen cruisers, the latter nine battle-ships and eleven cruisers, besides torpedo-boats, gun-boats, and torpedo-boat destroyers.

The seventh Bisley Meeting of the National Rifle Association was opened on Monday, under the direction of a managing committee, of which Earl Waldegrave, the chairman, is at the head. There is no remarkable novelty in the programme.

Henley Regatta, which closed on July 9, left the Leander Club winners of the Grand Challenge Cup, having beaten the Thames Rowing Club in the final heat, after gaining the match with the Americans of Yale University. The Ladies' Challenge Plate was won by Eton against Balliol College, Oxford. The Hon. Rupert Guinness won the Diamond Challenge Sculls; and Messrs.

Board of Trade, with Captain Dyer, R.N., Captain Bigby, and Captain Castle as nautical assessors, concerning the wreck of the *Drummond Castle* near Ushant, on June 16, was opened on Monday at Westminster Guildhall. Counsel or solicitors appear for the Board of Trade, the owners of the ship, Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., some relatives of those drowned, and Mr. C. Marquardt, the only passenger saved. A narrative of the voyage and the terrible disaster, written by Mr. Marquardt, will appear in the August number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

There is little political activity in foreign European capitals at this season; but the Italian Ministry has had to go through a formal resignation, in consequence of the withdrawal of General Ricotti, Minister of War, upon the reduction of the Army Estimates. The Marquis di Rudini, still Prime Minister, is forming a new Administration.

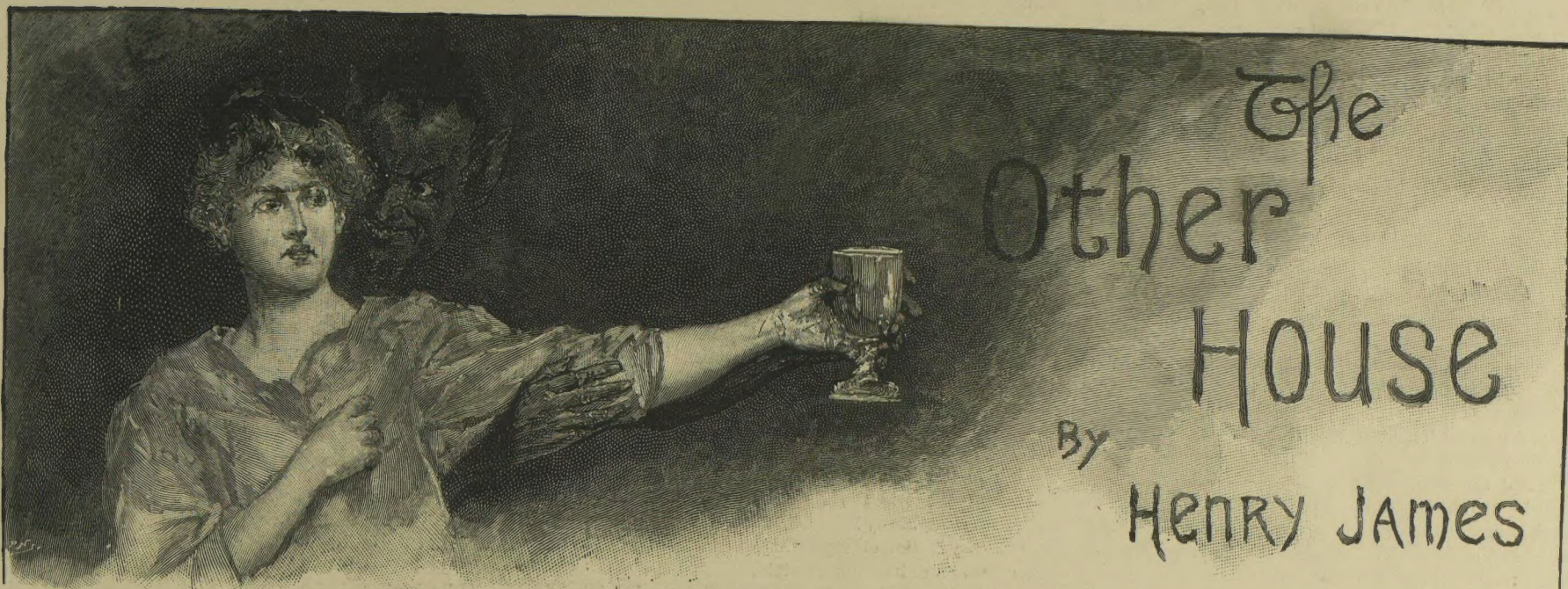
An attempt to assassinate M. Felix Faure, the President of the French Republic, on Tuesday last, the day of the Republican festival to commemorate the overthrow of the Bastille in 1789, has fortunately not proved such a national disaster as the death of President Carnot. M. Faure, while driving in an open carriage to the military review at Longchamps, was shot at by a man named François, supposed to be insane, who lately disturbed the Chamber of Deputies by throwing papers down from the gallery, and who had a grievance from being dismissed by the Municipal Works Board. No political conspiracy is found to be connected with this dangerous outrage.

of a submarine torpedo-boat and blockade-runner, in the presence of a distinguished and cosmopolitan audience, which included the Naval Attachés of most of the foreign Embassies. The demonstration commenced with a lecture regarding torpedo-boats and their use and management. Mr. Manville then described the electric equipment of the boat, and showed how the giroscope, by a novel application, had been pressed into the service to aid in the steering of the boat when submerged to a depth which would interfere with the working of the magnetic compass. He also explained how by means of an ingenious sounder the position of the boat above the ocean-bed is automatically recorded within the hull. Mr. M. F. Purcell followed Mr. Manville with a dissertation upon the air problem and the difficulties encountered in the past—difficulties which have been overcome in this present boat after many experiments. The model was put through various manoeuvres showing her capabilities, such as going ahead or astern upon the surface, and, while immersed, sinking to any given depth and there remaining stationary, or proceeding ahead or astern at that depth as desired; descending either bow or stern foremost at any angle; sinking instantaneously from the surface in a perfectly horizontal position; rising either rapidly or as slowly as desired. Altogether it was a most successful demonstration of a principle which may be expected before long to be embodied in the form of an actual service vessel equal in size to one of our first-class torpedo-boats.



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

VII.

Rose Armiger waited, compassionately, for Tony to recover himself, dropping again, during the pause, upon the sofa she had just occupied with her visitor. At last as, while she watched him, his silence continued, she put him a question. "Does she at any rate still maintain that she sha'n't get well?"

Tony removed his hands from his face. "With the utmost assurance—or rather with the utmost serenity. But she treats that now as a mere detail."

Rose wondered. "You mean she really *feels* that she's sinking?"

"So she says."

"But *is* she, good heavens? Such a thing isn't a matter of opinion: it's a fact or it's not a fact."

"It's not a fact," said Tony Bream. "How *can* it be when one has only to see that her strength hasn't failed? She of course says it has, but she has a remarkable deal of it to show. What's the vehemence with which she expresses herself but a sign of increasing life? It's

excitement, of course—partly; but it's also striking energy."

"Excitement?" Rose repeated. "I thought you just said she was 'serene.'"

Tony hesitated, but he was perfectly clear. "She's calm about what she calls leaving me, bless her heart; she seems to have accepted that prospect with the strangest resignation. What she's uneasy, what she's in fact still more strangely tormented and exalted about, is another matter."

"I see—the thing you just mentioned."

"She takes an interest," Tony went on, "she asks questions, she sends messages, she speaks out with all her voice. She's delighted to know that Mr. Vidal has at last come to you, and she told me to tell you so from her, and to tell *him* so—to tell you both, in fact, how she rejoices that what you've so long waited for is now so close at hand."

Rose took this in with lowered eyes. "How dear of her!" she murmured.

"She asked me particularly about Mr. Vidal," Tony continued—"how he looks, how he strikes me, how you met. She gave me indeed a private message for him."

Rose faintly smiled. "A private one?"

"Oh, only to spare your modesty: a word to the effect that she answers for you."

"In what way?" Rose asked.

"Why, as the charmingest, cleverest, handsomest, in every way most wonderful wife that ever any man will have had."

"She *is* wound up!" Rose laughed. Then she said: "And all the while what does Nurse think?—I don't mean," she added with the same slight irony, "of whether I shall do for Dennis."

"Of Julia's condition? She wants Ramage to come back."

Rose thought a moment. "She's rather a goose, I think—she loses her head."

"So I've taken the liberty of telling her." Tony sat



Rose Armiger waited, compassionately, for Tony to recover himself.

forward, his eyes on the floor, his elbows on his knees and his hands nervously rubbing each other. Presently he rose with a jerk. "What do you suppose she wants me to do?"

Rose tried to suppose. "Nurse wants you—?"

"No—that ridiculous girl." Nodding back at his wife's room, he came and stood before the sofa.

Half reclining again, Rose turned it over, raising her eyes to him. "Do you really mean something ridiculous?"

"Under the circumstances grotesque."

"Well," Rose suggested, smiling, "she wants you to allow her to name her successor."

"Just the contrary!" Tony seated himself where Dennis Vidal had sat. "She wants me to promise her she shall have no successor."

His companion looked at him hard; with her surprise at something in his tone she had just visibly coloured. "I see." She was at a momentary loss. "Do you call that grotesque?"

Tony, for an instant, was evidently struck by her surprise; then seeing the reason of it and blushing too a little, "Not the idea, my dear Rose—God forbid!" he exclaimed. "What I'm speaking of is the mistake of giving that amount of colour to her insistence—meeting her as if one accepted the situation as she represents it and were really taking leave of her."

Rose appeared to understand and even to be impressed. "You think that will make her worse?"

"Why, arranging everything as if she's going to die!" Tony sprang up again; his trouble was obvious and he fell again into the restless pacing that had been his resource all the morning.

His interlocutress watched his agitation. "Mayn't it be that if you do just that she'll, on the contrary, immediately find herself better?"

Tony wondered, scratching his head again. "From the spirit of contradiction? I'll do anything in life that will make her happy, or just simply make her quiet: I'll treat her demand as intensely reasonable even, if it isn't better to treat it as an ado about nothing. But it stuck in my crop to lend myself, that way, to a deathbed solemnity. Heaven deliver us!" Half irritated and half anxious, suffering from his tenderness a twofold effect, he dropped into another seat with his hands in his pockets and his long legs thrust out.

"Does she want it very solemn?" Rose asked.

"She's in dead earnest, poor darling. She wants a promise on my sacred honour—a vow of the most portentous kind."

Rose was silent a little. "You didn't give it?"

"I turned it off—I refused to take any such discussion seriously. I said: 'My own darling, how can I meet you on so hateful a basis? Wait till you are dying!'" He lost himself an instant; then he was again on his feet. "How in the world can she dream I'm capable—?" He hadn't patience even to finish his phrase.

Rose, however, finished it. "Of taking a second wife? Ah, that's another affair!" she sadly exclaimed. "We've nothing to do with that," she added. "Of course you understand Julia's feeling."

"Her feeling?" Tony once more stood in front of her.

"Why, what's at the bottom of her dread of your marrying again?"

"Assuredly I do! Mrs. Grantham naturally—she's at the bottom. She has filled Julia with the vision of my perhaps giving our child a stepmother."

"Precisely," Rose said, "and if you had known, as I knew it, Julia's girlhood, you would do justice to the force of that horror. It possesses her whole being—she would prefer that the child should die."

Tony Bream, musing, shook his head with sombre decision. "Well, I would prefer that they neither of them should!"

"The simplest thing, then, is to give her your word."

"My 'word' isn't enough," Tony said; "she wants mystic rites and spells! The simplest thing, moreover, was exactly what I desired to do. My objection to the performance she demands was that that was just what it seemed to me not to be."

"Try it," said Rose, smiling.

"To bring her round?"

"Before the Doctor returns. When he comes, you know, he won't let you go back to her."

"Then I'll go now," said Tony, already at the door.

Rose had risen from the sofa. "Be very brief—but be very strong."

"I'll swear by all the gods—that or any other nonsense." Rose stood there opposite to him with a fine, rich urgency which operated as a detention. "I see you're right," he declared. "You always are, and I'm always indebted to you." Then as he opened the door: "Is there anything else?"

"Anything else?"

"I mean that you advise."

She thought a moment. "Nothing but that—for you to seem to enter thoroughly into her idea, to show her you understand it as she understands it herself."

Tony looked vague. "As she does?"

"Why, for the lifetime of your daughter." As he appeared still not fully to apprehend, she risked: "If you should lose Effie the reason would fail."

Tony, at this, jerked back his head with a flush. "My dear Rose, you don't imagine that it's as a *needed* vow—" "That you would give it?" she broke in. "Certainly I don't, any more than I suppose the degree of your fidelity to be the ground on which we're talking. But the thing is to convince Julia, and I said that only because she'll be more convinced if you strike her as really looking at what you subscribe to."

Tony gave his nervous laugh. "Don't you know I always 'put down my name'—especially to 'appeals'—in the most reckless way?" Then abruptly, in a different tone as if with a passionate need to make it plain, "I shall never, never, never," he protested, "so much as look at another woman!"

The girl approved with an eager gesture. "You've got it, my dear Tony. Say it to her *that* way!" But he had already gone, and, turning, she found herself face to face with her lover, who had come back as she spoke.

VIII.

With his letter in his hand Dennis Vidal stood and smiled at her. "What in the world has your dear Tony 'got,' and what is he to say?"

"To say? Something to his wife, who appears to have fallen into an extraordinary state."

The young man's face fell. "What sort of a state?"

"A strange discouragement about herself. She's morbid and frightened—she thinks she's sinking."

Dennis looked grave. "Poor little lady—what a bore for us! I remember her perfectly."

"She of course remembers you," Rose said. "She takes the friendliest interest in your being here."

"That's most kind of her in her condition."

"Oh, her condition," Rose returned, "isn't quite so bad as she thinks!"

"I see," Dennis hesitated. "And that's what Mr. Bream's to tell her."

"That's a part of it," Rose glanced at the document he had brought to her; it was in its envelope, and he tapped it a little impatiently on his left finger-tips. What she said, however, had no reference to it. "She's haunted with a nervous alarm—on the subject, of all things, of his marrying again."

"If she should die?—She wants him not to?" Dennis asked.

"She wants him not to," Rose paused a moment. "She wants to have been the only one."

He reflected, slightly embarrassed with this peep into a situation that but remotely concerned him. "Well, I suppose that's the way women often feel."

"I daresay it is," The girl's gravity gave the gleam of a smile. "I daresay it's the way I should."

Dennis Vidal, at this, simply seized her and kissed her. "You needn't be afraid—you'll be the only one!"

His embrace had been the work of a few seconds, and she had made no movement to escape from it; but she looked at him as if to convey that the extreme high spirits it betrayed were perhaps just a trifle mistimed. "That's what I recommended him," she dropped, "to say to Julia."

"Why, I should hope so!" Presently, as if a little struck, Dennis continued: "Doesn't he want to?"

"Absolutely. They're all in all to each other. But he's naturally much upset and bewildered."

"And he came to you for advice?"

"Oh, he comes to me," Rose said, "as he might come to talk of her with the mother that, poor darling, it's her misfortune never to have known."

The young man's vivacity again played up. "He treats you, you mean, as his mother-in-law?"

"Very much. But I'm thoroughly nice to him. People can do anything with me who are nice to her."

Dennis was silent a moment; he had slipped his letter out of its cover. "Well, I hope they're grateful to you for such devotion."

"Grateful to me, Dennis? They quite adore me." Then as if to remind him of something it was important he should feel: "Don't you see what it is for a poor girl to have such an anchorage as this—such honourable countenance, such a place to fall back upon?"

Thus challenged, her visitor, with a moment's thought, did frank justice to her question. "I'm certainly glad you've such jolly friends—one sees they're charming people. It has been a great comfort to me lately to know you were with them." He looked round him, conscientiously, at the bright and beautiful hall. "It is a good berth, my dear, and it must be a pleasure to live with such fine things. They've given me a room up there that's full of them—an awfully nice room." He glanced at a picture or two—he took in the scene. "Do they roll in wealth?"

"They're like all bankers, I imagine," said Rose. "Don't bankers always roll?"

"Yes, they seem literally to wallow. What a pity we ain't bankers, eh?"

"Ah, with my friends here their money's the least part of them," the girl answered. "The great thing's their personal goodness."

Dennis had stopped before a large photograph, a great picture in a massive frame, supported, on a table, by a small gilded easel. "To say nothing of their personal beauty! He's tremendously good-looking."

Rose glanced with an indulgent sigh at a representation of Tony Bream in all his splendour, in a fine white waistcoat and a high white hat, with a stick and gloves and a cigar, his orchid, his stature and his smile. "Ah, poor Julia's taste!"

"Yes," Dennis exclaimed, "one can see how he must have fetched her!"

"I mean the style of the thing," said Rose.

"It isn't good, eh? Well, you know." Then turning away from the picture the young man added: "They'll be after him!"

Rose faltered. "The people she fears?"

"The dear ladies, bless 'em—if he should lose her."

"I daresay," said Rose. "But he'll be proof."

"Has he told you so?" Dennis smiled.

She met his smile with a kind of conscious bravado in her own. "In so many words. But he assures me he'll calm her down."

Dennis was silent a little: he had now unfolded his letter and run his eyes over it. "What a funny subject for him to be talking about!"

"With me, do you mean?"

"Yes, and with his wife."

"My dear man," Rose exclaimed, "you can imagine he didn't begin it!"

"Did you?" her companion asked.

She hesitated again, and then, "Yes—idiot!" she replied with a quiet humour that produced, on his part, another demonstration of tenderness. This attempt she arrested, raising her hand, as she appeared to have heard a sound, with a quick injunction to listen.

"What's the matter?"

She bent her ear. "Wasn't there a cry from Julia's room?"

"I heard nothing."

Rose was relieved. "Then it's only my nervousness."

Dennis Vidal held up his letter. "Is your nervousness too great to prevent your giving a moment's attention to this?"

"Ah, your letter?" Rose's eyes rested on it as if she had become conscious of it for the first time.

"It very intimately concerns our future," said her visitor. "I went up for it so that you should do me the favour to read it."

She held out her hand promptly and frankly. "Then give it to me—let me keep it a little."

"Certainly; but kindly remember that I've still to answer it—I mean referring to points. I've waited to see you because it's from the 'governor' himself—practically saying what he'll do for me."

Rose held the letter; her large light eyes widened with her wonder and her sympathy. "Is it something very good?"

Dennis prescribed, with an emphatic but amused nod at the paper, a direction to her curiosity. "Read and you'll see!"

She dropped her eyes, but after a moment, while her left hand patted her heart, she raised them with an odd, strained expression. "I mean is it really good enough?"

"That's exactly what I want you to tell me!" Dennis laughed out. A certain surprise at her manner was in his face.

While she noted it she heard a sound again, a sound this time explained by the opening of the door of the vestibule. Doctor Ramage had come back; Rose put down her letter. "I'll tell you as soon as I have spoken to the Doctor."

IX.

The Doctor, eagerly, spoke to her first. "Our friend has not come back?"

"Mine has," said Rose with grace. "Let me introduce Mr. Vidal." Doctor Ramage beamed a greeting, and our young lady, with her discreet gaiety, went on to Dennis: "He too thinks all the world of me."

"Oh, she's a wonder—she knows what to do! But you'll see that for yourself," said the Doctor.

"I'm afraid you won't approve of me," Dennis replied with solicitude. "You'll think me rather in your patient's way."

Doctor Ramage laughed. "No indeed—I'm sure Miss Armiger will keep you out of it." Then looking at his watch, "Bream's not with her still?" he inquired of Rose.

"He came away, but he returned to her."

"He shouldn't have done that."

"It was by my advice, and I'm sure you'll find it's all right," Rose replied. "But you'll send him back to us."

"On the spot." And the Doctor danced off.

"He's not at all easy," Dennis pronounced when he had gone.

Rose demurred. "How do you know that?"

"By looking at him. I'm not such a fool," her visitor added with some emphasis, "as you strike me as wishing to make of me."

Rose candidly stared. "As I strike you as wishing—?" For a moment this young couple looked at each other hard, and they both changed colour. "My dear Dennis, what do you mean?"

He evidently felt that he had been almost violently abrupt; but it would have been equally evident to a

spectator that he was a man of cool courage. "I mean, Rose, that I don't quite know what's the matter with you. It's as if, unexpectedly, on my eager arrival, I find something or other between us."

She appeared immensely relieved. "Why, my dear child, of course you do! Poor Julia's between us—much between us." She faltered again; then she broke out with emotion: "I may as well confess it frankly—I'm miserably anxious. Good heavens," she added with impatience, "don't you see it for yourself?"

"I certainly see that you're agitated and absent—as you warned me so promptly you *would* be. But remember you've quite denied to me the gravity of Mrs. Bream's condition."

Rose's impatience overflowed into a gesture. "I've been doing that to deceive my own self!"

"I understand," said Dennis kindly. "Still," he went on, considering, "it's either one thing or the other. The poor lady's either dying, you know, or she ain't!"

His friend looked at him with a reproach too fine to be uttered. "My dear Dennis—you're harsh!"

He showed a face as conscientious as it was blank.

"I'm crude—possibly coarse? Perhaps I *am*—without intention."

"Think what these people are to me," said Rose.

He was silent a little. "Is it anything so very extraordinary? Oh, I know," he went on, as if he feared she might again accuse him of a want of feeling; "I appreciate them perfectly—I do them full justice. Enjoying their hospitality here, I'm conscious of all their merits." The letter she had put down was still on the table, and he took it up and fingered it a moment. "All I mean is that I don't want you quite to sink the fact that I'm something to you too."

She met this appeal with instant indulgence. "Be a little patient with me," she gently said. Before he could make a rejoinder, she pursued: "You yourself are impressed with the Doctor's being anxious. I've been trying not to think so, but I daresay you're right. There I've another worry."

"The greater your worry, then the more pressing our business." Dennis spoke with cordial decision, while Rose, moving away from him, reached the door by which the Doctor had gone out. She stood there as if listening, and he continued: "It's *me*, you know, that you've now to 'fall back' upon."

She had already raised a hand with her clear "Hush!" and she kept her eyes on her companion while she tried to catch a sound. "The Doctor said he would send him out of the room. But he doesn't."

"All the better—for your reading this." Dennis held out the letter to her.

She quitted her place. "If he's allowed to stay, there must be something wrong."

"I'm very sorry for them; but don't you call that a statement?"

"Ah, your letter?" Her attention came back to it, and, taking it from him, she dropped again upon the sofa with it. "*Voyons, voyons* this great affair!"—she had the air of trying to talk herself into calmness.

Dennis stood a moment before her. "It puts us on a footing that really seems to me sound."

She had turned over the leaf to take the measure of the document: there were three large, close, neat pages. "He's a trifle long-winded, the 'governor'!"

"The longer the better," Dennis laughed, "when it's all in *that* key! Read it, my dear, quietly and carefully; take it in—it's really simple enough." He spoke soothingly and tenderly, turning off to give her time and not oppress her. He moved slowly about the hall, whistling very faintly and looking again at the pictures, and when he had left her she followed him a minute with her eyes. Then she transferred them to the door at which she had just listened; instead of reading she watched as if for a movement of it. If there had been anyone at that moment to see her face, such an observer would have found it strangely, tragically convulsed: she had the appearance of holding in with extraordinary force some passionate sob or cry, some smothered impulse of anguish. This appearance vanished miraculously as Dennis turned at the end of the room, and what he saw, while the great showy clock ticked in the cented stillness, was only his friend's study of what he

had put before her. She studied it long, she studied it in silence—a silence so unbroken by inquiry or comment that, though he clearly wished not to seem to hurry her, he drew nearer again at last and stood as if waiting for some sign.

"Don't you call that really meeting a fellow?"

"I must read it again," Rose replied without looking up. She turned afresh to the beginning, and he strolled away once more. She went through to the end; after which she said with tranquillity, folding the letter: "Yes; it shows what they think of you." She put it down where she had put it before, getting up as he came back to her. "It's good not only for what he says, but for the way he says it."

"It's a jolly bit more than I expected." Dennis picked the letter up and, restoring it to its envelope, slipped it almost lovingly into a breast-pocket. "It does show, I think, that they don't want to lose me."

"They're not such fools!" Rose had in her turn moved off, but now she faced him, so intensely pale that he was visibly startled; all the more that it marked still more her white grimace. "My dear boy, it's a splendid future."

"I'm glad it strikes you so!" he laughed.

prolonged her perusal. But when he approached her again she was ready with her clear contentment. She folded the letter and handed it back to him. "Oh, you'll do!" she proclaimed.

"You're really quite satisfied?"

She hesitated a moment. "For the present—perfectly." Her eyes were on the precious document as he fingered it, and something in his way of doing so made her break into incongruous gaiety. He had opened it delicately and been caught again by a passage. "You handle it as if it were a thousand-pound note!"

He looked up at her quickly. "It's much more than that. Capitalise his figure."

"'Capitalise' it?"

"Find the invested sum."

Rose thought a moment. "Oh, I'll do everything for you but cipher! But it's millions." Then as he returned the letter to his pocket she added: "You should have that thing mounted in double glass—with a little handle like a handscreen."

"There's certainly nothing too good for the charter of our liberties—for that's what it really is," Dennis said. "But you *can* face the music?" he went on.

"The music?"—Rose was momentarily blank.

He looked at her hard again. "You have, my dear, the most extraordinary vacuities. The figure we're talking of—the poor, dear little figure. The five-hundred-and-forty," he a trifle sharply explained. "That's about what it makes."

"Why, it seems to me a lovely little figure," said the girl. "To the 'likes' of me, how can that be anything but a duck of an income? Then," she exclaimed, "think also of what's to come!"

"Yes—but I'm not speaking of anything you may bring."

Rose wavered, judicious, as if trying to be as attentive as he desired. "I see—without that. But I wasn't speaking of that either," she added.

"Oh, *you* may count it—I only mean I don't touch it. And the going out—you take that too?" Dennis asked.

Rose looked brave. "Why, it's only for two years."

He flushed suddenly, as with a flood of reassurance, putting his arms round her as round the fulfilment of his dream. "Ah, my own old girl!"

She let him clasp her again, but when she disengaged herself they were somehow nearer to the door that led away to Julia Bream. She stood there as she had stood before, while he still held one of her hands; then she brought forth something that betrayed an extraordinary disconnection from all that had just preceded. "I can't make it out why he doesn't send him back!"

Dennis Vidal dropped her hand; both his own went into his pockets, and he gave a kick to the turned-up corner of a rug. "Mr. Bream—the Doctor? Oh, they know what they're about!"

"The Doctor doesn't at all want that. Something has happened," Rose declared as she left the door.

Her companion said nothing for a moment. "Do you mean the poor lady's gone?" he at last demanded.

"Gone?" Rose echoed.

"Do you mean Mrs. Bream is dead?"

His question rang out so that Rose threw herself back in horror. "Dennis—God forbid!"

"God forbid too, I say. But one doesn't know what you mean—you're too difficult to follow. One thing, at any rate, you clearly have in your head—that we must take it as possibly on the cards. That's enough to make it remarkably to the point to remind you of the great change that would take place in your situation if she *should* die."

"What else in the world but that change am I thinking of?" Rose asked.

"You're not thinking of it perhaps so much in the connection I refer to. If Mrs. Bream goes, your 'anchorage,' as you call it, goes."

"I see what you mean." She spoke with the softest assent; the tears had sprung into her eyes and she looked away to hide them.

"One may have the highest possible opinion of her husband and yet not quite see you staying on here in the same manner with *him*."



"What do you mean by my coming in spite of you? You never asked me not to."

"It's a great joy—you're all right. As I said a while ago, you're a made man."

"Then by the same token, of course, you're a made woman!"

"I'm very, very happy about you," she brightly conceded. "The great thing is that there's more to come."

"Rather—there's more to come!" said Dennis. He stood meeting her singular smile. "I'm only waiting for it."

"I mean there's a lot behind—a general attitude. Read between the lines!"

"Don't you suppose I *have*, Miss? I didn't venture, myself, to say *that* to you."

"Do I have so to be prompted and coached?" asked Rose. "I don't believe you even see all I mean. There are hints and tacit promises—glimpses of what may happen if you'll give them time."

"Oh, I'll give them time!" Dennis declared. "But he's really awfully cautious. You're sharp to have made out so much."

"Naturally—I'm sharp." Then, after an instant, "Let me have the letter again," the girl said, holding out her hand. Dennis promptly drew it forth, and she took it and went over it in silence once more. He turned away as he had done before, to give her a chance; he hummed slowly, to himself, about the room, and once more, at the end of some minutes, it appeared to strike him that she

Rose was silent, with a certain dignity. "Not quite," she presently said with the same gentleness.

"The way therefore to provide against everything is—as I remarked to you a while ago—to settle with me this minute the day, the nearest one possible, for our union to become a reality."

She slowly brought back her troubled eyes. "The day to marry you?"

"The day to marry me of course!" He gave a short, uneasy laugh. "What else?"

She waited again, and there was a kind of fear in her face. "I must settle it this minute?"

Dennis stared. "Why, my dear child, when in the world if not now?"

"You can't give me a little more time?" she asked.

"More time?" His gathered stupefaction broke out. "More time—after giving you years?"

"Ah, but just at the last here—this news, this rush is sudden."

"Sudden!" Dennis repeated. "Haven't you known I was coming, and haven't you known for what?"

She looked at him now with an effort of resolution in which he could see her white face harden; as if by a play of some inner mechanism something dreadful had taken place in it. Then she said with a painful quaver that no attempt to be natural could keep down: "Let me remind you, Dennis, that your coming was not at my request. You've come—yes; but you've come because you *would*. You've come you've come in spite of me."

He gasped, and with the mere touch of her tone his own eyes filled. "You haven't wanted me?"

"I'm delighted to see you."

"Then in God's name what do you mean? Where are we, and what are you springing on me?"

"I'm only asking you again, as I've asked you already, to be patient with me—to let me, at such a critical hour, turn round. I'm only asking you to bear with me—I'm only asking you to wait."

"To wait for what?"—he snatched the word out of her mouth. "It's because I have waited that I'm here. What I want of you is three simple words—that you can utter in three simple seconds." He looked about him in his helpless dismay, as if to call the absent to witness. "And you look at me

like a stone. You open up an abyss. You give me nothing, nothing." He paused, as it were, for a contradiction, but she made none; she had lowered her eyes and, supported against a table, stood there rigid and passive. Dennis sank into a chair with his vain hands upon his knees. "What do you mean by my coming in spite of you? You never asked me not to—you've treated me well till now. It was my idea—yes; but you perfectly accepted it." He gave her time to assent to this or to deny it, but she took none, and he continued: "Don't you understand the one feeling that has possessed me and sustained me? Don't you understand that I've thought of nothing else every hour of my way? I arrived here with a longing for you that words can't utter; and now I see—though I couldn't immediately be sure—that I found you from the first constrained and unnatural."

Rose, as she went on, had raised her eyes again; they seemed to follow his words in sombre submission. "Yes, you must have found me strange enough."

"And don't again say it's your being anxious!—" Dennis sprang up warningly. "It's your being anxious that just makes my right."

His companion shook her head slowly and ambiguously. "I am glad you've come."

"To have the pleasure of not receiving me?"

"I have received you," Rose replied. "Every word I've spoken to you and every satisfaction I've expressed is true, is deep. I do admire you, I do respect you, I'm proud to have been your friend. Haven't I assured

for—you're beyond me; but if it's to back out, I'll be hanged if I give you a moment."

Her wan face, at this, showed a faint flush; it seemed to him five years older than when he came in. "You take, with your cruel accusations, a strange way to keep me!" the girl exclaimed. "But I won't talk to you in bitterness!" she pursued in a different tone. "That will drop if we do allow it a day or two." Then on a sharp motion of his impatience she added: "Whether you allow it or not, you know, I must take the time I need."

He was angry now, as if she were not only proved evasion, but almost proved insolence; and his anger deepened at her return to this appeal that offered him no meaning. "No, no, you must choose," he said with passion, "and if you're really honest you will. I'm here for you with all my soul, but I'm here for you now or never."

"Dennis!" she weakly murmured.

"You do back out?"

She put out her hand. "Good-bye."

He looked at her as over a flood; then he thrust his hand behind him and glanced about for his hat. He moved blindly, like a man picking himself up from a violent fall—flung indeed suddenly from a smooth, swift vehicle. "Good-bye."

(To be continued.)

STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN HONG-KONG.

Amid much brilliant ceremonial, and in the presence of some fifteen thousand spectators, the Jubilee statue of her Majesty the Queen was unveiled in Hong-Kong on May 28 by the Governor, Sir William Robinson. The erection of this fine memorial of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign is not as belated as it sounds, the history of the statue being, briefly, as follows. When the Jubilee of her Majesty was being celebrated throughout the Empire, her loyal subjects in Hong-Kong were not behind their fellows in their desire to commemorate so historic an occasion. After some discussion the statue now erected was chosen as the most fitting memorial, and the necessary funds were speedily raised by public subscription. A commission for the work was given to Signor Raggi, the well-known sculptor of the Earl of Beaconsfield's statue at Westminster. The work was first executed in marble, but more mature consideration decided that this material would

be ill suited to the climate of Hong-Kong, and the statue was accordingly bought for the town of Sheffield, another, in bronze, being commissioned for Hong-Kong. When the second statue was completed it was exhibited in London, and eventually transferred to Hong-Kong.

But even after these initial delays its erection seemed doomed to be postponed, for no suitable public site was available, and the Jubilee Committee therefore decided to keep the memorial safely stored until the completion of the New Praya Reclamation. On this most commanding spot the pedestal has been some time in course of erection, the work being interrupted by the weather, but at last the statue has been established on its destined resting-place under a handsome domed pavilion of Portland stone designed to protect it from the weather's ravages.



JUBILEE STATUE OF THE QUEEN UNVEILED AT HONG-KONG.

From a Photograph supplied by the Hon. J. H. Stewart Lockhart, Hon. Secretary to the Hong-Kong Jubilee Committee.

you of my pure joy in your promotion and your prospects?"

"What do you call assuring me? You utterly misled me for some strange moments; you mystified me; I think I may say you trifled with me. The only assurance I'm open to is that of your putting your hand in mine as my wife. In God's name," the young man panted, "what has happened to you and what has changed you?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said Rose.

"Tell me what I want?"

She cast about her. "Tell you things I can't now."

He sounded her with visible despair. "You're not sincere—you're not straight. You've nothing to tell me, and you're afraid. You're only gaining time, and you've only been doing so from the first. I don't know what it's



THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS INSPECTED BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Drawn by our Special Artist.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP

BY ANDREW LANG.

They are not sportsmen in the office of that excellent serial, the *Speaker*. In a brief romantic narrative called "Twins" (June 20) we read about grouse-shooting, and learn that the birds are "driven up to the waiting rifles." Now there are many excellent reasons which forbid mankind to shoot driven grouse with rifles. For example, with a rifle you are sure to miss "the feathered denizens of the moors," and are likely to kill a denizen, not feathered, who is geologising or angling, or playing golf, or making love, or cutting peat in an adjacent county. A year or two ago a grave-digger, near Wimbledon, was shot (and fell into the grave he had digged) by a stray bullet from the ranges on the common. The author of "Twins" will therefore in future remember not to imitate Ouida's hero in shooting grouse with a rifle. It is magnificent, but it is not realism.

A friend, remarkable for his benevolence, suggests the formation of a Society for Befriending Young Beauties. He justly remarks that Nature has implanted in the human breast a desire that Young Beauties should enjoy themselves and gather rose-buds while they may; but very many Young Beauties are born among the middle classes and even in *pauperum tabernis*. You find them blushing unseen (to all intents and purposes) in omnibuses, railway refreshment bars, domestic service, and even in Bayswater. They never have a chance to do themselves justice, and Society is deprived of her choicest ornament. Nay, their beauty (and this is not in the least amusing) proves a fatal gift in a certain or uncertain number of cases.

On the other hand, how many plain people we see enjoying the opportunities which should fall to the pretty ones! Mr. Frederick Boyle, if my memory does not betray me, has even argued that beauty is going out, an opinion in which I cannot concur. Beauty exists in plenty, but not always in its proper place. You come across models for Phidias, or Raffaele, or Leonardo at cottage doors. The most beautiful child ever beheld by me was glowering over a gate in Galloway. Hers was a face of extraordinary intellectual promise, resembling, as far as a girl could resemble a man, the portraits of Shakspeare. Perhaps she has married a farmer, or is teaching in a school. Had her father been, say, an Earl, she might have moulded the fate of empires. Perhaps she is just as happy in the land of bog-myrtle and peat, but that is not the question.

The Society for Befriending Young Beauties, as I understand, will have an acting-committee mainly composed of elderly Duchesses and Countesses. Members of the society, scattered like amiable missionaries over the land, will keep a look-out for Young Beauties. These they will present (with the consent of parents, and certificates of character from Rural Deans) to the committee. If approved of, the Young Beauties will, where necessary, be educated, and then supplied with credit at dressmakers', chaperons, and everything necessary, and so launched in Society. The responsibility of the committee will cease, naturally, after marriage; nor will the committee, under any circumstances, befriend Young Beauties already married. Mothers with daughters of their own will doubtless, above all others, be sympathetically anxious to give poor Young Beauties a good chance. The benevolent with money may found scholarships and exhibitions for Beauties. Hitherto such rewards have, very absurdly, been confined to cleverness and bookishness. A clever boy, or even girl, born poor, can get a scholarship, or several scholarships; for the beautiful, who are so much more deserving, nothing is done. They are even boycotted, and many ladies decline to engage a pretty governess. This is a cruel hardship, and the new society exists to rectify such immoral and unjust mistakes. With proper precautions, such as have been indicated, the society must prosper in a wide and pleasing sphere of benevolence.

A difficulty may be raised. The Young Beauty may have a prior attachment to a dentist, solicitor, literary gentleman, or other unrepresentable person. Some will say: "Let the individual wither"; let the young man withdraw to his native obscurity. But that is not the view of the society, which is "all for morality, and that kind of thing." Prior attachments will be regarded as insuperable bars, which, when known, will make Young Beauties very careful, not like her of whom it is written—And when she's dressed out in her best, all tempting, fine, and gay,
As men do serve a cucumber, she flings herself away. —

On considering the whole scheme it appears at once moral and artistic. A proper dowry, or pin-money, will of course be settled on each Young Beauty, to be forfeited by misconduct, of which a majority of the committee will judge, the chairwoman having a casting vote. Places of retreat and repentance for Flirts will be established in eligible and salubrious localities, under Abbesses or Lady Superiors of a certain age—widows or spinsters. Beauty

has hitherto been absolutely unorganised, with the usual deplorable results. Just as rivers exist to supply navigable canals, and as history exists to feed historical novels, so beauty should be made subservient to the highest purposes of society. Any subscriptions which the benevolent or aesthetic may desire to contribute will be taken care of till further notice by the present writer. They may be addressed to him at the Golf Club, St. Andrews, Fife.

It is pitiful to reflect that there is not even a map of England coloured so as to show the local prevalence or absence of beauty in the various districts. I would not willingly be invidious, but Queen Elizabeth did say that every man should have the Freedom of the City (not in a lax, immoral sense) who married a Bristol woman. Bristol, if this reproach be not removed (as it doubtless is), would be coloured black in such a map, while Ayrshire would appear in a delicate and becoming pink, or genteel Ayrshire, because of—

Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.

THE GREEK PREMIER,
MONSIEUR THEODORE DELYANNIS.

The clouds are thickening in the East, and whether the storm breaks out or is dissipated, the personality of the men at the head of affairs in Greece and Turkey will very materially affect the issue. In these circumstances



Photo Macropoulos, Athens.

M. THEODORE DELYANNIS, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

some data concerning the present Greek Premier will not prove devoid of interest.

The Greeks, true to their democratic traditions of old, have no titles; the Constitutional Charter of the kingdom expressly forbids them. Certain high-sounding prefixes to Greek names one meets with now and then are of either Venetian or Turkish origin, and, being badges of foreign dominion, they are held in contempt and ridicule by all true Hellenes. On the other hand, though recognising no nobility, the Greeks have always entertained great regard for their aristocratic families, whether of ancient descent or of historic renown; for it is under these two categories that the great names of modern Greece may be classed. The Ypsilantis are perhaps the most ancient and most celebrated of existing Greek houses, going back, as they do, to the twelfth century. The Mourouzis, Mavrocordatos, Argyropoulos, Gennadius, Leventis, and others date mostly after the fall of Constantinople; while such names as Botzaris, Canaris, Karaïskakis, Miaoulis, etc., were first made famous by the heroic deeds of the War of Independence of 1821-28. The Englishman Wheeler, the Frenchman Spon, and the Italian Magni, who visited Greece in the latter half of the seventeenth century, speak of some Athenian families, of which two or three still survive, as already at that time of great antiquity, wealth, and power. But the devastating revolutionary war, kept alive during eight long years principally by the sacrifices of the great families, reduced them, almost without exception, to penury. It is their proudest title to distinction; the fortunes which now exist in Athens being mostly newly acquired wealth.

The Delyannis are a very numerous Peloponnesian family, who first became prominent towards the end of

last century through the ability of one Giannis (the Greek diminutive for John), surnamed, for his pushful tactics, *Delis*. This Turkish adjective may be employed in the sense of mad—as it has been erroneously interpreted in this connection—but, with equal authority, it is applied to the plucky and undaunted. And pushfulness has always been the family trait of the Delyannis. The subject of this short memoir is the eldest son of a numerous younger branch of the family. At an early age he displayed all those personal qualities of which the Greeks are justly proud; he was a model son and a most devoted and affectionate brother. His father dying early, he succeeded in completing his own University training at Athens, and with the absurdly small salary derived from a junior clerkship, he managed to provide, not only for his own wants, but for the education of his younger brothers; for they were extremely poor, like the best of the Greeks. His frugality and industry were phenomenal, and his zeal and undoubted talents rapidly advanced him step by step to the highest grades in the public service. He thus acquired an unrivalled experience, and it is a fact that no other public man in Greece is as intimately acquainted with the minutest details of every branch of the administration. His voluminous publication on the Administrative Legislation of Greece is a standard work. In 1867 he was appointed Greek Envoy in Paris, and he there imbued all those French administrative notions towards which his earlier reading had predisposed him.

On his return to Greece, three years later, M. Delyannis espoused politics, attaching himself to Coumoundouros, who, with all his shortcomings, was by far the greatest statesman modern Greece has produced, and who patronised and pushed forward both Delyannis and Tricoupis. When the latter forsook Coumoundouros, it was evident that Delyannis was destined to encounter him later as a rival. They were both included in the humorously styled "Œcumenical" Administration of 1877, when all the chief politicians joined in forming a Government able to face the crisis arising out of the Russo-Turkish War. On the fall of that Cabinet, after a short existence, Delyannis assumed the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the Coumoundouros Ministry which followed. In that capacity he proceeded, as chief of the Greek Delegation, to the Congress of Berlin, where his mission, though severely attacked by Tricoupis, resulted in a tangible success, the thirteenth Protocol having ensured to Greece an extension of territory in the direction of Thessaly, with a narrow strip in Epirus.

By the death of Coumoundouros in 1883, Delyannis remained the only party chief able to face Tricoupis, who was then in power. Coming at the head of the poll in April 1885, he formed his first Administration, which, however, proved short-lived. The complications arising out of the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria resulted in the blockade of the Greek ports by the Great Powers, and in the fall of M. Delyannis. He was succeeded by Tricoupis, who remained in power till 1891. But the elections which followed brought back Delyannis with an overwhelming majority. This did not prevent the King from dismissing him, with but little ceremony, on the following February, on the score of the inefficiency of his financial measures—a plea which subsequent events proved to have been hardly justified. Fresh elections having been ordered, Tricoupis returned to power in May 1892, only to bring to a close his fourth Administration, and, indeed his public career, by the declaration of public bankruptcy. The elections which ensued resulted in the utter rout of the Tricoupists and in the triumphal return of Delyannis, who in April of last year assumed power as undisputed master of the situation. So far, however, he has failed to bring about an arrangement with the bondholders, he has not effected certain urgently needed internal reforms, and he is now faced by a foreign crisis as acute and perhaps more dangerous than that which entailed his downfall in 1886.

Between the political methods of the two men who were left unchecked to sway the fortunes of the country for the last fifteen years, there is not much to choose. M. Delyannis, being the weaker of the two in character, in his inability to devise healthier means of rivalling his antagonist, actually copied Tricoupis' vicious administrative and party tactics. In administrative experience he is superior, and in shrewdness as a politician fully the equal of his late rival. But he lacks decision, he temporises, he hesitates, and he is absolutely devoid of political courage.

They were both so completely absorbed by the cares of State that they never thought of marrying; and they both remained poor and above suspicion in a country where political rivalry is pitilessly severe in its judgment of public men. Nothing, indeed, can be more admirable than the personal qualities of M. Delyannis, who is now in his seventy-fourth year. He is in private life of a most kindly and affectionate disposition, extremely courteous, affable and agreeable in conversation, generous, a gentleman in culture and presence.



HAND OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

HAND OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

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THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—THE BATTLE OF FERKET: THE 3RD BRIGADE, UNDER MAJOR MAXWELL, FIRING ON THE VILLAGE AS THE THREE BRIGADES CONVERGED UPON THE RIVER-SIDE POSITION WHERE THE DERVISHES MADE THEIR LAST STAND.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE 9th SOUDANER, UNDER MAJOR HACKETT PAIR.

THE SUDAN AND STAFF: LORD EDWARD CYCIL, MAJOR WINGATE,
CAPTAIN WATSON, A.D.C., AND SEATIN PASHA.

THE 11th SOUDANER, UNDER MAJOR JACKSON.

THE 15th SOUDANER, UNDER MAJOR COLLEGE.



MOLES JARDEN WITH AMBUSHING.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE BATTLE OF FERKET.

CORRESPONDENTS. CAPTAIN FITTON'S HORSE SHOT EARLY IN THE FIGHT.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Spitts Wright.

The above illustration shows the attack on the chief Dervish position, the Jebel Camp, in the hills above Firket, on the early morning of June 7. The Sirdar had divided his advancing force into three brigades. While the 1st Brigade, under Major Lewis, attacked the Jebel Camp by the river-side, and the 3rd Brigade, under Major Maxwell, advanced against the neighbouring Baggara Camp, the 2nd Brigade, under Major Macdonald, consisting of the 9th, 11th, and 13th Soudanese Battalions, attacked the stronghold in the hills. The troops advanced with a deadly fire, and, charging over the heights, swept the enemy from their position to the plain below, where the three brigades converged upon the village and completely defeated the Dervishes.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The battle of life is fought below the belt. Every now and again one hears or reads of a great genius, a poet, a musician, a painter, or a savant, who produced the masterpiece that made his name immortal while keeping body and soul together on a ridiculously inadequate quantity of food; but these geniuses do not constitute the fighting troops that decide the struggle for existence of a nation; they constitute the regimental bands. Without their pictures, poems, music, and statuary, life would probably be wearisome; but the hungry or even badly fed man or woman cannot be cheered by the contemplation or hearing of their works. Nay, it is pretty well certain that the hungry or badly fed man and woman would altogether refuse to look or listen to them.

And even the genius living on an insufficient or simply defective dietary is the exception rather than the rule. It is to Pope's abstemiousness and feeble digestion that we probably owe the "Dunciad": it is a moot question whether, had he not been so inordinately fond of highly seasoned dishes and above all of lampreys, we should not have had a more healthy-minded work, and, consequently, of more enduring influence on the majority.

I have an idea—though it may be wrong—that I would have sooner seen Sarah Siddons as Lady Macbeth ever so many times than read that satire by the "Wasp of Twickenham"; yet Sarah was by all accounts an excellent customer to that Mr. Sowerby, the butcher, who also supplied Benjamin Robert Haydon, the painter. Mr. Sowerby declared that never had there been such a woman for mutton chops as she.

Mr. Sowerby unquestionably took a practical view of life, if I am to judge by some passages of an admirable biographical article on the dinner of the "Mock Election" and "Dentatus," which I have read somewhere—I have forgotten where. On one occasion Sowerby called on Haydon, and the latter took him into his studio, where "Alexander the Great" stood still moist on the easel. I have seen that kind of thing done before by painters with their somewhat too pressing creditors. It is not a bad means to make them exercise patience. At any rate, Mr. Sowerby professed himself exceedingly pleased, yet he ventured to remark that the artist would not, perhaps, have been able to bring his work to a satisfactory determination had he not been lavishly supplied with joints, quarters of lamb and the rest.

Mr. Sowerby was unquestionably right. The "Mock Election," in spite of its slightly satirical intent, is a good-natured work. If Mr. Sowerby had stopped the supplies, the honey in Haydon's nature might have turned to gall, and we should, maybe, have had pictures leaving a less pleasant impression.

Carlyle said: "Show me how a man sings, and I will tell you how he will fight." I should not like to presume to improve upon this. But there can be no harm in adding to the dictum. "Show me what a man or woman eats, and I will predict how he or she will sing." Carlyle's appetite and digestion in themselves would furnish apt illustrations. "Had it not been for Mr. Carlyle's stomach, there's no saying what he might have been," his wife remarked, now and again. And this applies not only to the singer (literally) but to the poet as well. The famous Catalani required sweetbreads, and a great many, before she would condescend to charm her hearers; the equally famous Malibran, whose sudden death at Manchester bore such a striking resemblance to the death of Madame Patey, consumed a couple of dozen of oysters, and washed them down with copious draughts of stout—in reality porter, I should think.

Byron, on the other hand, grumbled at the length of the butcher's bill. Bismarck, I should say, never did, nor did Louis XIV., nor did Charles V. His son Philip, curiously enough, was not of a contrary disposition with regard to carnal food. While living in England he displayed considerable fondness for fitches of bacon. To judge from the conjugal felicity enjoyed by Mary during that time, the "Dunmow fitch" was not instituted as a memento of this exemplary wedlock. I might go on quoting. One thing is, however, very certain: whatever difference there may be in the tastes and appetites of those who merely work with their brains, those who have to live by manual labour should not only have a plentiful supply of food, but of the best quality obtainable under the circumstances; in other words, this food should be practically unadulterated.

Up to the present this seems to have been hardly the case. The report of the Select Committee on Food Products Adulteration is a formidable indictment against the prevailing state of things. It has taken the Committee something like two years to frame it. A number of very sensible recommendations are appended to the document. How long will it take to carry a few, if not all, of these into practice? It is not absolutely a question of the cow starving while the grass is growing, but one of children—and, for that matter, adults—being poisoned by unscrupulous and rapacious tradesmen, while some of their fellow-tradesmen, who happen to be wielding local authority, are making up their minds to put a stop to their frauds. As the case stands, it is Palaver and Poisoning. One wants Purity and Principle.

The second annual International Music Trades Exhibition was opened on July 10 at the Islington Agricultural Hall. In the course of its ten days of display a series of competitions, vocal and instrumental, are being held, and the large sum of £1000, which will be distributed in prizes, has attracted a considerable number of candidates from the student ranks of the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and other institutions devoted to the culture of the same art. The collection of instruments of all kinds is a particularly representative one.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W C D SMITH (Northampton).—The problem has not been forgotten, but we have been much exercised as to whether it is up to our publication standard. We shall make a final decision immediately.

A J HITCHINGS (Rio de Janeiro).—The "Chess Problem," published by Cassell, for problems; and "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," published by E. Freeborough, Parliament Street, Hull, for games. We are glad to hear your news about South American chess, and will quote one of the problems from your enclosures.

POLIXENR.—We note your request. Will you kindly send another diagram of your last contribution, when we shall publish it at once.

A J MURTON.—You have sent quite enough, and we are pleased to welcome you to our list of solvers.

P G L F.—Received with thanks.

W BIDDLE.—Thanks for all your trouble, and we hope to find both quite worthy of publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2719 and 2721 received from A S H H (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2723 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.) and Tom Butler (Providence, U.S.A.); of No. 2724 from Tom Butler (Providence, U.S.A.) and W H Lunn (Cheltenham); of No. 2725 from W R Raillem, Emile Frau (Lyons), and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2726 from A J Murton (Merthyr Tydfil), Emile Frau, H Le Jeune, G E H (Clifton), J F Moon, J Bailey (Newark), W C D Smith (Northampton), H H (Peterborough), J S Wesley (Exeter), Castle Lea, C W South (Stroud), W H Williamson (Belfast), F J Candy (Croydon), Dr F St, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2727 received from W R Raillem, F James (Wolverhampton), M Burke, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W H Williamson (Belfast), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), M Hobhouse, J Hall, J B Wesley (Exeter), Frank R. Pickering, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), M Rieloff, J F Moon, H Le Jeune, C E H (Clifton), Emile Frau (Lyons), A J Murton (Merthyr), C E Perugini, Captain Spencer, White Queen, Sorrento, C M A B, Castle Lea, Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Moursus (Brussels), Dr F St, James Gamble (Belfast), F Leete (Sudbury), T Chown, H M Farrington, F W C (Edgbaston), Fred J Gross, G T Hughes (Athy), L Desanges, T Roberts, Shadforth, J Watkins (Brighton), Dr C A Hill (Liverpool), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Dawn, H T Atterbury, F N Braund (Barnham), Frater, M A Eyre (Boulogne), Tuxen (Newcastle), W P Hind, E B Ford (Cheltenham), B Copland (Chelmsford), Frank Proctor (Knoeke-sur-Mer), H Rodney, F Waller (Luton), H S Brandreth, Alpha, H E Lee (Ipswich), Hereward, Albert Wolff, F A Carter (Maldon), R H Brooks, Martin F and W C D Smith (Northampton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2726.—By E. KING.

- WHITE.

1. Kt to R 8th

2. Q to B 7th (ch)

3. Q mates
- BLACK.

K to K 4th

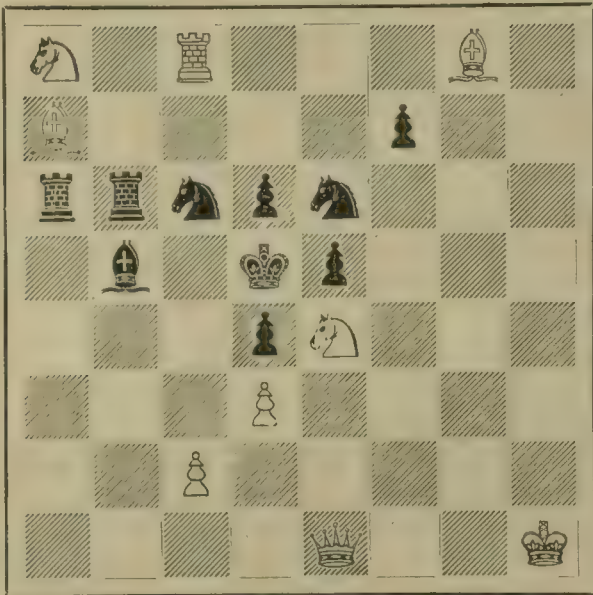
K to B 3rd or to Q 5th

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to K 7th (ch), etc., and if 1. P to K 4th then 2. Q to K 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2729.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played at the Hastings Chess Club, Messrs. HALL and JUKES in consultation against Mr. J. H. BLACKBURN.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Messrs. H. & J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Messrs. H. & J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt takes B	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt takes B	Kt to B 5th
3. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Castles	K Kt to K 6th
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	21. Kt to Q 5th	Q to K 4th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	22. Q to Q 4th	Kt takes R
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	23. Q takes Q	R takes Q
7. P takes P	P takes P	24. B takes Q Kt	B to Kt 5th
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	25. Kt to K B 3rd	B takes Kt
9. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	26. P takes B	R to Q B sq
10. P to Q 4th	P to K 5th	27. B to R 6th	R to Q sq
11. Kt to K 5th	Castles	28. P to Q B 4th	Kt to B 7th
12. B to K 3rd		29. R to Kt sq	Kt to Q 6th (ch)
		30. K to Kt sq	
		31. If K to B 2nd, R takes Kt, followed by Kt to Kt 5th (ch).	
		32. B to Kt 5th	
		33. R to Q sq	R to K 7th
		34. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 5th
		35. If Knight now checks with the object of winning the Rook he would lose both Knight and Bishop for the Rook, as he would have to defend the mate by R to K 5th.	
		36. K to B sq	
		37. P to Q R 3rd	Kt takes Kt
		38. P takes Kt	R takes R P
		39. P to Q 4th	R to R 4th
		40. B to R 4th	R to Q R 4th
		41. B to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd
		42. B to B 4th	R to Q B 4th
		43. P to Kt 3rd	R to B 3rd
		White resigns.	

Mr. Gunsberg has been appointed secretary of the St. George's Chess Club, and all who are acquainted with his zeal and energy in the cause of chess look forward to a renewed period of prosperity for the famous West End club.

The death is announced of Mr. M. Wryvill, who was one of the foremost English amateurs nearly fifty years ago. His great performance was securing second place to Anderssen in the 1851 tournament; but he was somewhat favoured by fortune in the draws, and could scarcely rank with some of the less successful competitors. It is worthy of note that Mr. Bird is now the only player left who took part in that famous contest.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Eight (from January 4 to June 27, 1896) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent asks if I will devote a few lines to answering his query why salt is an essential of healthy life. He has failed to find a satisfactory answer in any of the works he has consulted, most of them simply taking for granted the fact that salt is a necessity, without attempting any explanation of the circumstance. The question he regards as one of general interest, and I think he is possibly correct in his opinion. I will do my best to afford a reply to his query. Part of our food, and an essential part it is, consists of mineral matters. We require phosphate of lime for our bones, iron for our blood, and phosphorus for our nerve-tissues, while potash, sodium, and other minerals figure largely on the list of food necessities. The minerals which we require day by day, beyond those needed for building up the tissues of the body, are believed to exercise the important function of "regulating the energy" (or power of doing work) possessed and afforded by the other foods on which we subsist. When there is an absence of the required minerals, it would seem that the chemical changes the foods are destined to undergo in their ultimate destiny as nourishers of the body are imperfectly performed, and death may ensue when the mineral constituents of the food are thus deficient. A dog fed on Liebig's Extract alone dies, and that sooner than a starved dog, because the potash salts the extract contains act as a poison through the want of natural food on which to exert their influence. Conversely, if potash salts be omitted from the food scurvy breaks out. When lime-juice is given in scurvy the citrate of potash and citric acid are changed into carbonic acid and carbonates of potash, contributing to maintain the alkaline nature of the blood. Potatoes and other fresh vegetables, and even fresh meat, contain potash and organic acids, and thus prevent and cure the disease.

But common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is dubbed by chemists, seems to stand at the head of the mineral constituents of our food. It is certainly found in every tissue and fluid of the body, from the tears to the blood. It is given off in the perspiration, and it also appears in the kidney secretion; so that, as common salt is always being used up in the body, it stands to reason we must make good the deficiency by taking it as food. This is why almost all nations crave for salt, although it is stated that in the case of the negroes of the French Congo, lying between Lake Sangha and Lake Tchad, salt is unknown. The inhabitants of this region use, in place of salt, an artificially made mineral substitute manufactured from plants, the ash of which contains potash compounds. It is also said that when ordinary salt was brought into this territory by the French, the natives refused to use it. But this case is of exceptional nature; and even animals appear to be affected with the natural salt craving. Flesh-eaters do not take salt to the extent to which vegetable-feeders consume it, and this because flesh-food is deficient in potash, which is also required for nutrition; so that the flesh-feeder gets enough salt in its food and supplies its potash deficiencies therefrom. The vegetable-feeders, on the other hand, like man, demand salt as a food extra. Their food is rich in potash, which has to be acted on by the salt in the blood, and a supply of the latter mineral is therefore demanded as part of the diet.

A good part of the salt we take no doubt goes to form chloride of potash in the blood, and this latter compound is absolutely necessary for the maintenance both of our muscles and of our blood corpuscles; but it also serves important nutritive properties, as I have already indicated, and serves to expedite changes, especially in the nitrogenous foods we eat. For the perfection of the gastric juice of the stomach, also, salt is believed to be essential. This juice contains an acid (hydrochloric acid), for the due formation of which salt is believed to be necessary. It is said that under the old Dutch penal laws the punishment coming next to death was the condemnation of a prisoner to feed on food that contained no salt. The result of this dietary would certainly be that of placing the individual in a state of starvation. I have heard it reported that a chimpanzee in the London "Zoo" pined until salt was given to it, and went to sleep with its salt block held in its arms. The importance of salt may, I think, be esteemed from this brief summary of its uses. As for the other constituents of life, they are merely stimulants, causing a flow of the digestive fluids, and no more.

My friend Dr. Milne Bramwell recently gave an account of a case in which a young woman, aged nineteen, who had suffered from nervous ailments, but who was in perfect health at the time of experimentation, showed a remarkable talent when hypnotised for estimating the lapse of time. It was suggested to the patient that she should do something of a simple nature at the end of a certain time. She was to make a cross on a piece of paper, for example, and to write down the time she imagined it was when she made her mark. The periods in the experimentation varied from a few hundred minutes to 20,000; the start being made from imaginary hours. Thus, in one example given, she was asked to make her mark in 10,080 minutes, taking as a starting-point 10 a.m. of the previous day. Two failures only were noted in the course of fifty-five trials. No recollection was retained on awaking, of the occurrences which took place in the hypnotic condition. The periods for noting the lapse of time took place both when she was asleep and awake, and apparently she accurately indicated the time under both conditions. It occurs to me that there is a certain analogy between this case and that of the calculating boys of fame. The almost automatic character of much of the work of the latter would seem to render a similar suggestion feasible in the case of the girl. In the one case we have a natural automatism for the quick calculation of figure results, in the other an acquired or induced automatism which unerringly notes the lapse of time. Is there any possibility of a sense of "time" being represented in the substrata of our brain-work, just as a sense of direction might be argued for from evidences of accuracy in locating distances?

LITERATURE.

MRS. MEYNELL'S NEW ESSAYS.

The Colour of Life. By Alice Meynell. (Lane.)—Mrs. Meynell no longer serves as an object-lesson to the critic who would rebuke *nous autres* for our fluency. She has been forced by circumstance to break a habit of silence, and, as a happy result, her fuller utterance is more precious than her rare speech of old. Easy in a sense she will never be; her work is too noble not to exact a certain pain of craftsmanship in the artist, a corresponding effort of apprehension in the beholder. Yet, being a poet, she has her moments of absolute flight and inspiration, when the prose sings and soars. The moments are long and short. One inspiration carries her through the whole essay on "Reeds and Rushes," through "The Winds of the World," "Cloud," "The Colour of Life," and the especially tender and intimate "Grass." In these essays she has indeed an ease of her own, an ease which one may follow and not imitate, like the flight of the lark. She is at home amid skies—

High over these rises in the enormous scale of the scenery of clouds what no man expected—an heroic sky. Few of the things that were ever done upon earth are great enough to be done under such a heaven. It was surely designed for other days. It is for an epic world. Your eyes sweep a thousand miles of cloud. What are the distances of earth to these, and what are the distances of the clear and cloudless sky? The very horizons of the landscape are near, for the round world dips so soon; and the distances of the mere clear sky are unmeasured—you rest upon nothing until you come to a star, and the star itself is immeasurable.

In the midst of the music of such prose comes a passage, gay and gentle—

There is a heavenly game on south-west wind days, when the clouds are bowled by a breeze from behind the evening. They are round and brilliant, and come leaping up from the horizon for hours. This is a frolic and haphazard sky.

Mrs. Meynell's thoughts, which are majestic in their freedom and their flight, are so humble that they regard the grass and the floor of the forest as near at hand as a child from its low stature. The humble things have no secrets from her fine and loving observation. Her regard of them has the tender humour which enters into love—

Where are they, all the dying, all the dead, of the populous woods? Where do they hide their little last hours? Where are they buried? Where is the violence concealed? Under what gay custom and decent habit? You may see, it is true, an earthworm in a robin's beak, and may hear a thrush breaking a snail's shell; but these little things are, as it were, passed by with a kind of twinkle for apology, as by a well-bred man who does openly some little solecism which is too slight for direct mention, and which a meaner man might hide or avoid. Unless you are very modern indeed you twinkle back at the bird.

The whole essay on "Grass" is radiant with this charming humour, as is that other beautiful one on "Reeds and Rushes." It is a personal preference to delight in her most when she deals with these abstract subjects, in which man, if he enter at all, takes a lower place. Others will find a subtler but not greater pleasure in those essays in which Mrs. Meynell is less simple than when dealing with the things of nature. "Eleonora Duse," "Symmetry and Incident," "The Illusion of Historic Time," "A Woman in Gray," "The Honours of Mortality," will rejoice those who like to be given pause and contemplation by an intellect and spirit rarely keen and delicate. "Eyes" is one of the essays in which Mrs. Meynell's wonderful observation is most noticeable. "Ah, how true that is!" one says over and over throughout the book; or "How is it that none of us noticed it before?" An insight, a knowledge finer than ours, are at the root of this book, but that we can leap to her knowledge when she has imparted it proves that there is also the simplicity which is at the base of the finest distinction.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The City (Hutchinson and Co.) is a novel of such power as to stand well in a comparison with Zola's "L'Argent." Its subject is the same, but Mr. Frederic Carrel's treatment of it is more expert and spontaneous than M. Zola's. Its exposure of the most inhuman of all vices, gambling, as practised in the most demoralising and ruinous of all "hells," the City, is the work of a man who obviously has seen rather than read the scenes and characters he describes, and who so describes them that you seem rather to see than to read of them. Indeed, the hold the novel takes on you is surprising when the squalid repulsiveness of almost all its characters is considered. You seem to be looking through a microscope at bloated and loathsome animalcula, who spend their whole low lives in devouring one another. "Tell me," says the hero to a City man of long experience, "what is the quality that commands success in business?" "Knowing how to swindle cleverly," he answered bitterly. "We tried to do so clumsily, and the result was failure." "Yes," said Charles, "I am very near thinking that that is the philosophy of the whole thing." Or as he puts it farther on, "The methods of finance were the result of accumulated cleverness, so great that it was privileged to trample on the accepted rules of right." This is the moral of the book, illustrated by personages who are as real as they are repulsive to you. The very girls become infected by the fætid atmosphere in which they are reared. A young girl, divinely lovely, having thrown over the handsome hero for a richer suitor,

repulsive at once in person, character, and manners, consoles the man she jilts by the suggestion that he should be her lover after her marriage to his rival! But neither she nor her proposal seems unnatural to the reader. Indeed, the one fault of this fine novel is the unrelieved, or hardly relieved, baseness of its personages, since the heroine is shadowy and unconvincing, while the hero is hard and unsympathetic. The rest of the personages seem to have been recruited, like Falstaff's regiment, by unloading the gibbets and jails.

Mr. Leopold Wagner's selection of *Modern Political Orations* (T. Fisher Unwin) has the recommendation, at least, of variety and of impartiality, since it includes speeches of Brougham and Bradlaugh, Churchill and Chamberlain, Disraeli, Gladstone, Gathorne Hardy, and Parnell. On the whole, the selection is as interesting as any compilation of the kind can ever hope to be. But speeches are as vapid, for the most part, to read as flat champagne is to drink. According to that admirable definition of successful popular oratory, "The orator rolls back upon his audience in a torrent what he had received from them in a mist"—opportuneness and commonplaceness are the soul of telling speeches, while their body is the voice, look, and gesture of the speaker. Hence very few speeches come under Cicero's definition of eloquence, *copiosa loquens sapientia*; and these few are not made usually on the hustings or in the House. Nevertheless, "Modern Political Orations" is interesting reading; and not the least interesting speeches in the volume are those of the most violent abuse of the party and of the policy

of strangers by alluding to her "flirtation" with Captain Charteris. Indeed, the Captain's alleging this "flirtation" as his reason for declining the invitation to dinner is incredibly brutal.

Short stories are usually constructed like the Underground Railway locomotives, to start and stop at speed; but Miss Hannah Lynch in *Dr. Vermont's Fantasy* (J. M. Dent and Co.) takes an unconscionable time in getting under weigh. She is what is called a painter of atmosphere, and those who can enjoy this "chameleon's dish and eat the air promise-crammed" will appreciate her work. In her title-story even the fulfilment of this protracted promise is itself mere smoke. A cynical doctor and three hysterical French lads agree to commit suicide simultaneously when the last stroke of midnight knells the old year out. As the sole reason for their resolution is the monotony of life—"plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"—you are not much surprised, nor, to say the truth, much relieved, when all four fire in the air at the fatal moment. The other stories are equally spun out into a thin thread, here and there very prettily coloured. We are not sure, however, whether the occasional picturesqueness of a style like this is adequate compensation for its irritating affectation: "Every nerve thrilled with a sympathy so complete as to make her retrospective pain most personally mine, to thrust my individuality from its old bright environment out for ever into her desperate loneliness."

"My Ethel," says the hero to the heroine of *The Expiation of Wynne Palliser* (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), "My Ethel, I, for one, never look upon the world's affairs without seeing behind them, shadowy but plain, a gibing, demon face, chuckling over the ironies of life, and the more things look smooth and fair and promising at first blush, the plainer starts forth this gnome face, and the wider expands the puckering satire of its evil grin." "Do not imitate it then, dear one. Your words just now seemed to have driven a knife into my heart. Will you not draw it out again?" The tones low and pleading, the look—sweet, pathetic, dewy—might have melted a stone. "Consider the knife withdrawn from the dear heart," he replied. The promise of transposition melodrama suggested by this style of love-making is more than fulfilled. Fortunately those who love melodrama are not usually endowed with a sense of humour; and the grotesque mistake, therefore, made by the Zulus in sparing the hero's drink-bloated wife instead of the divinely tall and fair heroine will seem to them tragic only. "Thy word," said the Zulu chief to the demented hero, "was explicit. The finest, the comeliest—that spare and bring. And this was the finest, and her we brought. By far the finest was she." Thus the hero, through forgetting that the Zulus measure beauty by the stone, brought upon himself, as he supposed, the double horror of the loss of the slaughtered heroine and of the recovery of his loathsome wife!

India—land where rigid caste and tyrannical custom are dead-weights on life—offers a wide field to the social reformer. The career, yet unfinished, of one of the highest types of these is the subject of Mr. Karkaria's *India: Forty Years of Progress and Reform: being a Sketch of the Life and Times of Behramji M. Malabari* (Oxford University Press). Mr. Malabari, the story of whose early struggles wins our sympathy, is poet, philosopher, and critic; but the value of his life-work lies in his efforts to abolish the hateful system which prohibits a child-widow, often betrothed in her babyhood to an old man, from remarriage, immolating her to a Moloch well-nigh as terrible as that which, till the British Government prohibited the practice, demanded that the widow should ascend the husband's funeral pyre. Both the *sati* or *suttee* and the social slavery of woman are a heritage from barbaric times, and while the former is now illegal, the latter has, as yet, been only slightly modified by the persistent efforts of reformers, among whom Mr. Malabari stands foremost. Thanks to his untiring zeal, the Age of Consent Act, which raises the marriageable age from ten years to twelve years, is on the Indian Statute Book. But while the work which he has done merits record, both for itself and as encouragement to others, the general adulatory tone of Mr. Karkaria's biography must surely add a terror to the life of its subject. His consent, let us hope, has not been given to the publication of the "testimonials to character" which appear as "Supplement."

"*Handy Andy*," says Mr. Whibley in his admirable introduction to the new edition of Lover's masterpiece (Macmillan and Co.), "is a work of abounding energy and merriment"; and that is the best that can be said for it. It is farce, and broad farce, and "gaiety without eclipse" of this pronounced kind "wearieth." Lover himself confessed and excused its defects. "Composed as it was," he said, "it could not be other than sketchy and desultory"; but if it is read as it was written—intermittently—it will delight a third generation of readers. Mr. Brock's illustrations are spirited.

The Stevenson shrine is still being added to. The Constable *édition de luxe* is, of course, at the head of all the reprints; but Messrs. Longmans have done well to reissue in the clearly printed "Silver Library" the marvellous story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." His curious little fables, which have appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, are added to the volume introduced by Mr. Sidney Colvin.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. VIII.—MRS. MEYNELL.

Mrs. Meynell is the younger daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Thompson, who was an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and whose father owned the old estate of Vale Royal, Jamaica. Her sister, Lady Butler, made her great success as a battle-painter early in life, but Miss Alice Thompson, though she published her "Preludes" as a girl, and though the poems contained in that volume gained the unstinted praise of such critics as Rossetti and Ruskin, had to wait some years for general recognition. In 1893, having meantime become the wife of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, she republished her "Poems," with an accompanying volume of prose, "The Rhythm of Life," which included a number of essays previously contributed to the *National Observer*. The rare beauty of thought and distinction of style which mark all Mrs. Meynell's work have since carried these two volumes through several editions, and won for their author a unique position among contemporary writers. Her new volume of essays, "The Colour of Life," is reviewed in these columns. Mrs. Meynell is a frequent contributor to the *Pail Mail Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and other journals.

which the same speaker to-day vehemently upholds—"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be!"

Surely Miss Findlater's piteous tale, *The Green Graves of Balgowrie* (Methuen), is founded on fact? The very singularity of the plot makes it improbable that it was invented, while the story rings true throughout. On the other hand, the preface, which suggests a transcript from life, makes a blunder inconsistent with the suggestion: "Well, that is the story as my mother told it to me; and she had seen them face to face—she was the Maggie Palmer of the tale"; whereas the Maggie Palmer of the tale had seen but one of the hapless sisters face to face. True or false, it is an exquisitely pathetic story, while the pathos is not of the bitter, rebellious, and despairing kind of the pessimist, but sweet as it is sad, like mournful music. Not young people only, who love to "taste the luxury of woe" in novels, will be charmed with the book, but even their elders, who know life's sad side too well to care to have it presented to them in fiction, will forgive the pathos of "The Green Graves of Balgowrie" because of its tenderness and of its truthfulness. Miss Findlater has struck but one false note in the book—where she represents Mrs. Palmer putting Lucie to agonising shame before a company



TOWN.—AT THE "ZOO."

MARY ANN: Lor, Jemima, what a dear little Heagle?

JEMIMA: It ain't a Heagle; it's a Howl.

KEEPER: You're both wrong, ladies; it ain't a Heagle nor a Howl; it's a 'Ack.



COUNTRY.—A WEEK AT A FARM-HOUSE.

FAIR STRANGER: *And you look well and hearty: how old are you?*

VILLAGER: *Sixty-five, Miss.*

FAIR STRANGER: *How long has your father been dead?*

VILLAGER: *Father? 'E ain't dead, bless yer: 'e's up-stairs a puttin' Grandfather to bed.*

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

It is quite impossible, however anxious I may be to avoid following in the footsteps of other famous women who write about dress, not to give a few details of Princess Maud's trousseau. It is the topic of the hour with all good women and true, and we measure each other's loyalty



A DRESS FROM PRINCESS MAUD'S TROUSSEAU.

by the amount of information possessed about Princess Maud's boots and stockings, petticoats and frocks. The gown is a beautiful gown. It is made of English satin, the bodice folded round the figure with garlands of orange-blossom lending their decorative influence down either side, and striping the full puffed sleeves, which are made with chiffon. The waist is encircled with a band wrought in silver, and the train hangs from both shoulders to a length of some five yards. An exceedingly pretty dress is of pale pink satin trimmed with insertions of black Valenciennes lace, the bodice of pink chiffon, and the waist clasped by a narrow band of black; and a grass-lawn gown of pleasing detail has azure blue flowers upon its surface, and is lined with blue and white shot silk, with a vest of blue chiffon striped with ficelle coloured lace. An admirably arranged fichu of chiffon, with a deep border of jewelled lace, completes a dress of peach-coloured striped glacé silk, and a teagown of yellow velvet has charms with a front of mousseline de soie and a collar of velvet embroidered in silver. Another pleasing teagown is of cream-coloured satin brocade with the square bodice bordered with gold passementerie diamanté; accordion-kilted chiffon forms the vest and sleeves of this, and it has a girdle of gold studded with jewels.

Redfern is written on several of the gowns, and were it not written the experienced would recognise it in every seam of a plain blue cheviot dress, made with a double-breasted coat and a plain skirt, and in a summer canvas in white and pale blue infinitesimally checked. A dark green and shot black silk spotted with black is made with an overhanging bodice outlined with iridescent sequins, showing a front and sleeves of drawn black chiffon mounted over plain green silk. A very pretty blouse is of blue silk with a chiné pattern on it and a front of elaborate embroidery with a quaint collar cut into pointed tabs. One cape is of drab cloth with a deep collar piped with sapphire-blue velvet lined with striped shot silk of pale blue and pink and green. Another cape is of black cloth lined with violet, with three pleats hanging from each side of the neck striped with silk gipure.

A very pretty shirt which I met the other day, destined for Cowes, was of white satin with a stiff front like a man's shirt fastened with little gold buttons, the satin being brought in tucks on either side

of this, the sleeves being full, the collar and cuffs both made stiff. This was finished with a belt of gold and supplied with a skirt of white serge trimmed with five rows of gold braid extending almost up to the knees, each broad line of gold braid being followed with a narrow line. Yet another dress whose details struck me as exceedingly pleasing had a white piqué skirt and a short bolero made of buff-coloured lawn embroidery; this was to be worn over a shirt of soft white cambric with a broad belt of black glacé ribbon, and was to be crowned with a white straw hat bound with black velvet ribbon, and simply trimmed with a bunch of yellow roses tied with black velvet ribbons.

But muslin gowns are also necessities of the Cowes week, or, better still, foulard gowns, these being less frail and just as cool, and quite as becoming. White foulard patterned with black is exceedingly pretty; when trimmed with a spotted net fichu and lace it lends itself either to the white or black hat with equal amiability. Exceedingly pretty gowns, too, are made of fine linen with batiste bodices, and the popularity of the ordinary white muslin dress is positively amazing. I say it is amazing in view of the facts that this is only to be made on the most extravagant lines, and that its charms are so exceeding fleeting. All the best of the muslin gowns are mounted on silk foundations, plain or glacé or checked. The white muslin trimmed with insertions and frills of black lace is most attractive, and when made over the white and black glacé it commends itself, of course, to anyone who has to wear mourning; and if crowned with a black chip hat over which black feathers wave it may be voted altogether admirable.

But I must not write any more about muslin dresses, I must answer "Vivian's" letter and advise her most cordially to seek Jay's in Regent Circus and ask to be shown a mauve linen dress with a batiste bodice striped with lace and a white piqué dress which has a short coat of buff-coloured piqué with a thick embroidery upon it. One of these gowns will suit her perfectly, I am quite sure. "Dulcie" has my best thanks for her letter, and my cordial advice to have made pongee knickerbockers lined with mull muslin. Madame Goldschmidt, of 85, Cromwell Road, knows exactly the materials I like for these, and her charges are quite moderate.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Lady Dufferin, in the course of the opening ceremony of a fête held at Blackheath on behalf of the fund for supplying medical relief to the women of India that is known by her name, made an amusing reference to how "times change, and we change with them," in regard to the position of women. She observed that in the twenty-four years that she had been abroad with her husband as the representative of the Queen in various places, she had often had to open bazaars, lay foundation-stones, and the like, and she had always found that there was some kind gentleman ready to make her speech for her, leaving her no opportunity to say anything more than "I declare this bazaar open." But things have altered now, and in England every woman is expected to do her own speaking. Thereupon she proceeded to make an excellent little speech, saying that the fund for which the fête was held was difficult to describe, since it was a system of hospitals, medical schools, and nursing institutions, attempting to provide eventually for the wants in this direction of over a hundred millions of women. Native princes and noblemen had recognised the need that existed, and among them they had given some £400,000 for building hospitals; Mohammedans and

Hindous were joined in the effort, and at one and the same time the English Bishop of Rangoon was issuing a circular letter to urge the claims of the fund on his flock, and a Buddhist priest of high consequence was declaring that to contribute to it was an aid in attaining eternal peace.

There is a storm in a teacup in Dublin about medical women. The battle of education, and registration, and



ANOTHER OF PRINCESS MAUD'S DRESSES.

legal qualification for women is all over and won; but the question of how high they may rise in the profession is still unsettled. Dr. Winifred Dickson was recently appointed Examiner in Midwifery in the Royal College of Surgeons; and the class of men whom she has now to examine are up in arms. Their modesty (so they state) is outraged by having to answer questions set by a woman in this subject. This seems quaint. If they purposed to decline practising in the diseases peculiar to women their sensitiveness could be understood. But no; it will not hurt their sense of decency for them to cross-question women, even young girls, on these matters, but they are quite shocked that a woman, a professional sister, should cross-question them! They have appealed to the Council to remove the lady examiner to whom they cannot respond without a blush on their cheeks. But it seems that the Council has no legal power to remove an examiner once appointed; and so the "very particular" future practitioners are forming an association to protect themselves against the outrage proffered their delicate sensibilities by a woman's setting their midwifery questions.

It is not, I think, generally known that in Ireland there is a mixed medical school. Such is the case. The young men and women attend lectures in company. No inconvenience is said to be felt, and, on the contrary, it is stated that the joint study prepares them to meet in consultation with each other in after days.

It is now the season for the "cures" at German baths on which many hard-living persons rely to set them up annually. The thousands of others who also work hard and sit long, or go into crowded assemblies for duty or pleasure night after night, but who cannot go off to the Spa that suits their special weakness of constitution, are offered a substitute for the Carlsbad water, that is so successful in many cases of liver and kidney and stomach complaints, in Kutnow's "Carlsbad powder." This is pronounced by a number of medical men, whose testimony the proprietors print, to be a perfect reproduction of the essential elements of the natural springs. It is slightly effervescent, like the natural springs, and unlike older attempts to produce the essential matters of the springs in a powder, this is dissolved at once in cold water.

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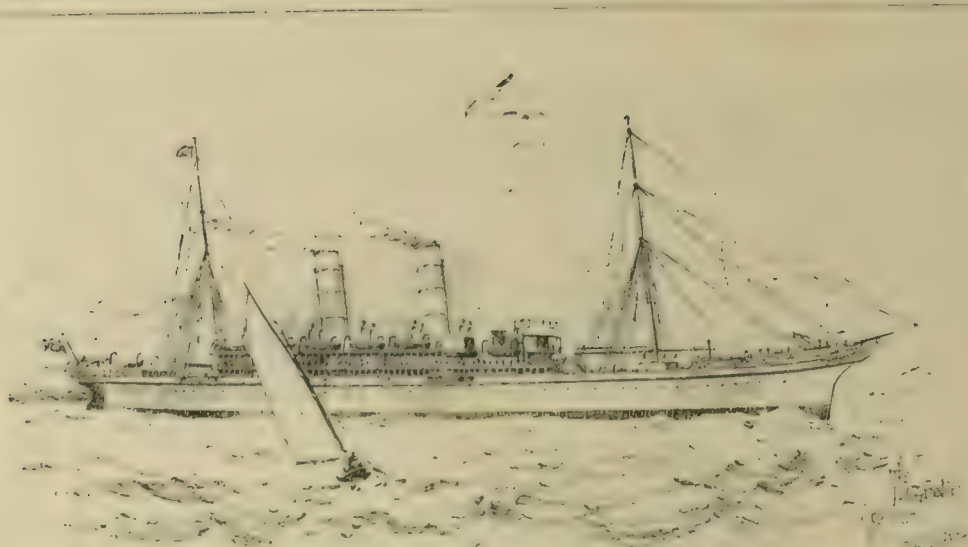
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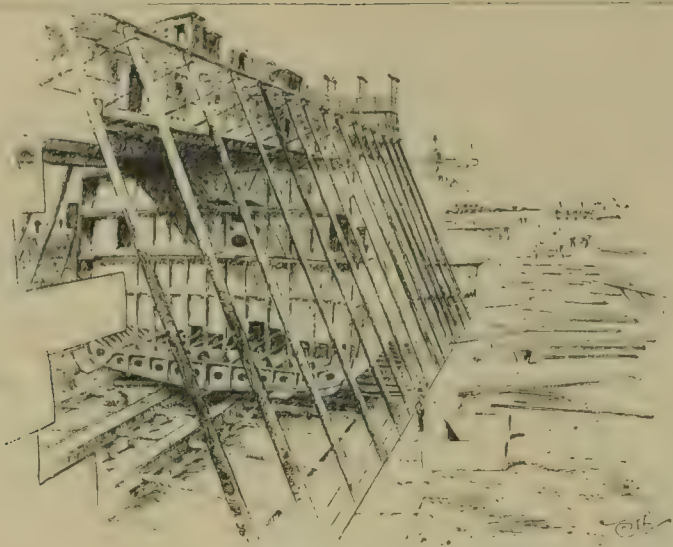
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LENGTHENING THE "SCOT."

The Greater *Scot*, as she has been aptly dubbed, on July 18 takes her regular place among the sailings of the Union Steam-ship Company to South Africa in all the pride of her increased length and other structural improvements, which have been some time in progress in the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, of Belfast. When, six years ago, this fine vessel of 500 ft. in length was added to the fleet of the Union Steam-ship Company, many people thought that she was before her time; but the passenger traffic with South Africa developed so rapidly that three years later the yet larger *Norman* was added, and six months ago it was decided to send the *Scot* to the shipbuilders to have her length increased by 54 ft., the first-class sleeping accommodation extended, and the general fittings improved. For the purpose of adding to the vessel's length, she was cut in two immediately in front of the foremost boiler-room bulkhead, at which point all the rivets were drilled out in the plates. When everything had been made ready, the fore part of the vessel was hauled away to the extent of 54 ft., this space being then built up with fresh material. With a length which closely approaches that of the largest vessels running on the Atlantic, and with a tonnage of nearly 8000 tons, the Greater *Scot* again takes a prominent position in the South African mail services. On Saturday she made a successful trial trip from Holyhead to Southampton, with a distinguished company on board, who assembled at the invitation of Sir Francis Evans and the directors.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 15, 1890), with two codicils (dated Dec. 22, 1891, and Feb. 13, 1894), of Colonel William Henry Harrison Broadley, J.P., D.L., of Welton House, Yorkshire, who died on March 28, was proved on June 11 at the York District Registry by Francis Richard Pease, J.P., and John Travis-Cook, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £360,503. The testator gives £100 each to the Hull Royal Infirmary, the Hull Victoria Hospital, and the Beverley Dispensary; £200 to the Vicar of Welton, and £100 to the Vicar of Elloughton, for the poor of their respective parishes; £10,000 each to the sons and £5000 each to the daughters of his brother, General Broadley Harrison; £2000 to his sister, Mrs. Palmer, and £2000 each to her children; £500 each to his executors; £500 per annum to his sister-in-law, Julia Henrietta; £1000 to his cousin, Mary Smith, and £1000 each to her children; £1000 each to the four daughters of Mrs. Burrows, and many legacies to his outdoor and indoor servants. He devises the Tickton Grange Estate, near Beverley, to his nephew Captain Broadley Harrison, of the East Yorkshire Regiment; and Welton House, with the park, lands, and all other his real estate (except that in the borough of Kingston-on-Hull) to his nephew Henry Broadley Harrison for life, with remainder to his first and

other sons according to seniority in tail male. The Kingston-on-Hull property is to be sold, and the proceeds are to be laid out in the purchase of lands and premises, to be held upon the same trusts as those of his settled estates. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephew Henry Broadley Harrison.

The will (dated April 8, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 24, 1895), of Mr. James Charles Arkwright, of Oak Hall, Cromford, Derby, who died on May 16 last, was proved on July 7 by Frederick Charles Arkwright, the nephew, and Walter Augustus Wigram, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £352,272. The testator gives £25,000, all his household furniture, pictures, plate, cattle, etc., and £1500 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Mary Esther Arkwright; all his shares in John Clayton and Company, Limited, and in the Buxton Lime Firms Company to his brother, John Thomas Arkwright; £300 each to the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates, the Derbyshire Diocesan Church Extension Society, and the Derby Infirmary; £200 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; £100 each to the Wirksworth Cottage Hospital, the National Life-Boat Institution, the National Education Society; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead,

the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, and the Church Missionary Society; and many legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1890), made in New York, of Annie Charlotte, Baroness Mount-Stephen, of 25, St. James's Place, who died on April 10, was proved on July 6 by the Right Hon. George, Baron Mount-Stephen, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £221,935. The testatrix appoints the income of the trust funds, under a trust declaration and agreement (dated April 5, 1884), to her husband for his benefit and that of his father and mother, and on her husband's death the capital of such trust funds is to go as he shall appoint. The residue of her property she leaves to her husband absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Baker, of Wallcroft, Durdham Park, Bristol, who died on March 20, was proved on June 13 by Herbert Midelton Baker and Henry Mills Baker, the sons, and John Hudson Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £213,288. The testator gives £1000, all his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses, the income of £50,000, and the use, for life, of Wallcroft to his wife, Mrs. Emily Baker; £200 to John Hudson Smith; an

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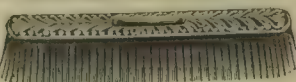
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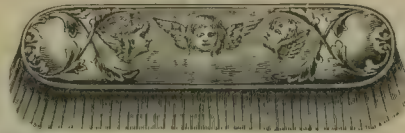
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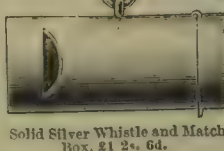
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SHOPMAN: "Yes, Ma'am, but are you particular as to the Starch? for here is a new kind we are selling largely, and find it—"

LADY: "No! No! It must be Colman's; and the Curlers, remember, Hinde's are imperative."

SHOPMAN (irrepressible): "And this Lime Juice we find goes very well, and is certainly cheaper." [To Assistant]—"Bring me one of those new Stoves I had in the other day."


LADY (getting angry): "No, Mr. Smith; ladies nowadays make up their own minds. The Stove must be Rippingille's Albionette, and the Lime Juice Rose's Cordial. Please follow my list exactly."

(Collapse of the plausible SHOPMAN.)




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annuity of £50 to his sister, Elizabeth Baker; £200 each to his sons and £100 each to his daughters. He devises his freehold hereditaments at Portishead and at Wine Street, Bristol, to his son Herbert Midelton Baker. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his children in equal shares, but sums of money advanced to his sons and the value of the freehold hereditaments devised to his son Herbert are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated June 3, 1891) of Mr. William Edward Oates, F.R.G.S., of Gestingthorpe Hall, Essex, who died on April 3, at Madeira, was proved on July 2 by Mrs. Caroline Annie Oates, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £120,130. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1896) of Mr. Arthur Robertson Gladstone, J.P., of Court Hey, Roby, Lancashire, who died on March 30, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on June 23 by Robert Gladstone, the brother-in-law, and Benjamin Arkle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £96,758. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the Liverpool Bluecoat Hospital; £1000 to the Liverpool Royal Infirmary; and £500 each to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution and the Infirmary for Children, Myrtle Street, Liverpool, "free of all death duties"; and considerable legacies to relatives, servants, and others. He devises the Court Hey estate to the use of

his brother, Richard Francis, for life, with remainder to his son, Arthur Stuart, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The silver-gilt vase left to him by his father, and the plate presented to him on his relinquishing the Mastership of the Croxteth Harriers, are made heirlooms to go with the said estate; and he gives the remainder of his plate, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his said brother. The Norris Green estate, West Derby, he devises to the use of his sister Anna Maria Heywood Thornewill for life, with remainder to his (testator's) nephew Edward Noel Thornewill for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. His share and interest under the will of his father in the old Swan estate, near Liverpool, he leaves to his brother Walter Longueville; and in the Union Court estate, within Liverpool, to his brother Richard Francis. As to the residue of his real and personal estate one moiety is to go with the Court Hey estate, and the other moiety with the Norris Green estate.

The will (dated March 29, 1895) of Mary Emma, Dowager Countess of Enniskillen, of The Heights, Witley, Surrey, who died on May 25, was proved on July 3 by Alexander Samuel Leslie Melville and John William Scott, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £95,851. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Earl of Enniskillen, the Countess of Erne, Lady Charlotte Smith-Barry, Lady Alice Ashley, the Hon. Arthur C. Cole, and

Lady Jane E. Cole; and legacies to servants. Under the powers given to her by the will of her mother, Viscountess Middleton, she appoints the trust funds and property mentioned therein to her sister, Mrs. Leslie Melville. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said sister.

The will (dated March 23, 1882), with a codicil (dated May 4, 1886), of Dr. William Statter, F.R.C.S., of Oak Hall, Snapelthorpe, Wakefield, who died on May 9, was proved on June 16 at the Wakefield District Registry by Dr. William Aked Statter and Dr. Alfred William Statter, the sons and surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £80,441. Subject to a few small bequests, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, as to one eighth thereof each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Fanny Charlesworth, Mrs. Ellen Curties, and Blanche Margaret, and one eighth each to his sons, Ernest Statter, John Grice Statter, Henry Bellamy Statter, Thomas Aked Statter, and Alfred William Statter, absolutely.

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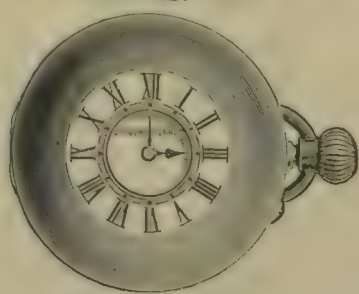
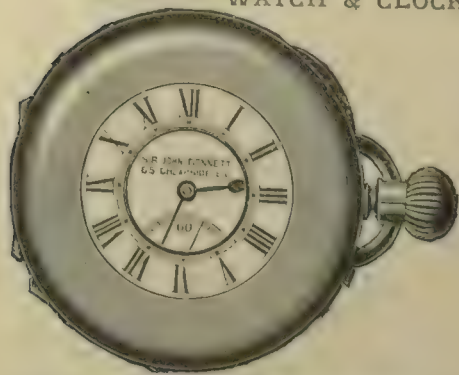
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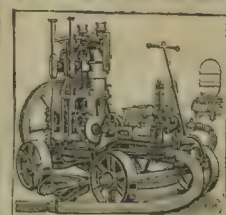
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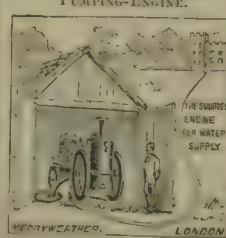
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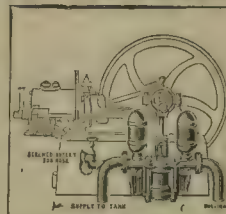
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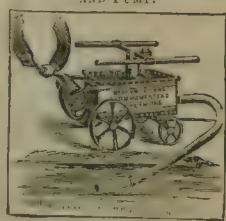
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In the days when the two patent theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had the monopoly of Shakspeare and all plays proper, the minor theatres were compelled to evade the stupid and indefensible law by playing what they called "burlettas." Now, a burletta was sometimes a comedy, oftener a farce interspersed with music and song. Some of the best musical composers wrote for these burlettas, which corresponded to the French vaudeville, and if anyone of middle age cares to look through the bound music-books of his mother and grandmother, he will there find that the most popular songs and ballads of the day came out of these burlettas, the only form of dramatic entertainment known outside the patent theatres. With Madame Vestris, in her prime, to sing the songs, and composers like Rodwell and scores of others for the music, this form of entertainment was highly popular in London. We come across some of these old burletta ballads to this day. In fact, I heard one the other night, when enchanting Ada Rehan played the Countess Gucki. It came back like a dream, for I remember in childhood hearing my mother singing—

The church bells are ringing, the village is gay,
And Lilla is dressed in her bridal array.
She is wooed and is won
By a proud Baron's son,
And Lilla! Lilla! Lilla! a lady!

And now for the genesis of the lighter form of musical entertainment. When the patent theatres were done away with and dramatic free trade was established, the old burletta was turned into the extravaganza of the Planché period. This was acted mostly at the Haymarket under Webster and at the Lyceum under Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris. Those were the days of the "Island of Jewels," the "King of the Peacocks," "King Charming," and others mostly based on the fairy stories of the Countess d'Aulnoy. Extravaganza of the Planché school developed into the burlesque period of the Brothers Brough, Frank Talfourd, H. J. Byron, Frank Burnand and Robert Reece, and W. S. Gilbert, until the last-named brilliant writer formed a school and a form of opera entirely of his own, based on his own "Bab Ballads," in which he has stood alone, without a shadow of a rival. When clever managers like George Edwardes discovered that there was only one W. S. Gilbert, and that he could not be imitated, he invented what may be called the "Gaiety Girl" and "Shop Girl" school, harmless and bright efforts at eccentricity, very modern and very alluring, until they developed again into that charming entertainment known as "The Geisha," at Daly's. Hey, presto! one more rapid change, and Mr. George Edwardes goes straight back to the burletta of the days of his grandfather. "My Girl," so successfully produced at the Gaiety, is nothing more nor less than an old-fashioned burletta—a simple, interesting English story, copiously

illustrated with lyrics and pretty music. The Gaiety manager has given a precedent, and a very valuable one, which is sure to be followed. Here there is new work for the serious dramatist, for the playful poet, and for the merry musician. They are all at their best in Mr. James Tanner, Mr. Adrian Ross, and Mr. F. Osmond Carr, who is far funnier in the orchestra than he has ever been before. One of the most successful is called "Sir Tom," and capitably sung by Miss Connie Ediss. It is a blend of an old negro plantation melody and the refrain of Gounod's "Maid of Athens" played in quick time. The cast has been very happily selected, and those who most distinguished themselves are the sweet and interesting Ellaline Terriss, who is, of course, "My Girl," née "The Clergyman's Daughter." She might equally well have been called May Blossom, or, in accordance with her virginal dress, "White Daisy"; the merry and winsome Kate Seymour, "For oh, she dances such a way, no sun upon an Easter Day was half so fine a sight"; the manly and English Lawrence D'Orsay; the humorous John Le Hay, who made the success of the evening; and a new comer from America, a very clever youngster with a very pretty voice, Mr. Paul Arthur. To these must be added our old friends Colin Coop and Maria Davis and Mr. Charles Ryley, who made a very presentable High Church Vicar.

But, talking of new American actors and humorists, a very remarkable one indeed is to be found at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, now under the management of Miss Cissy



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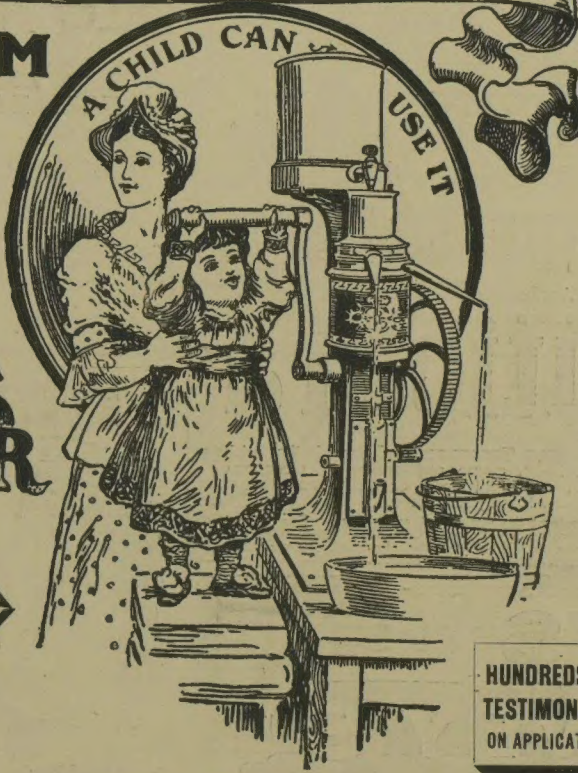
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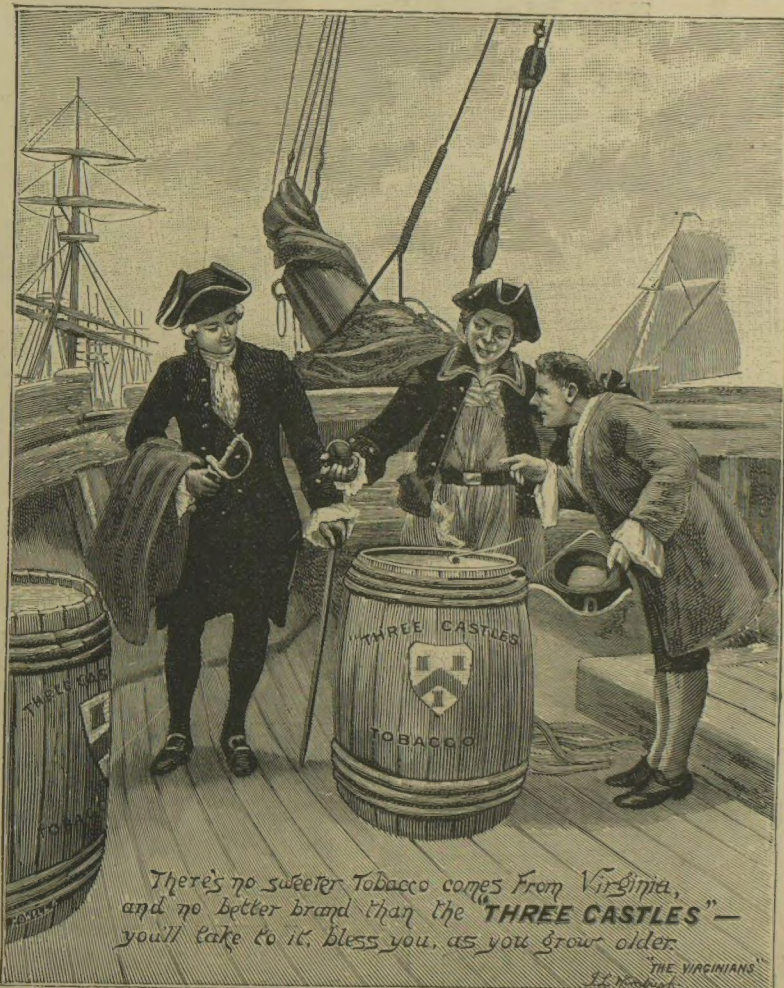
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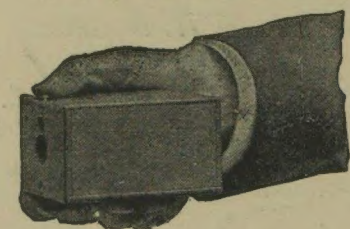
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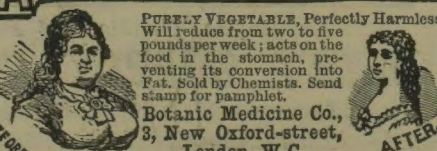
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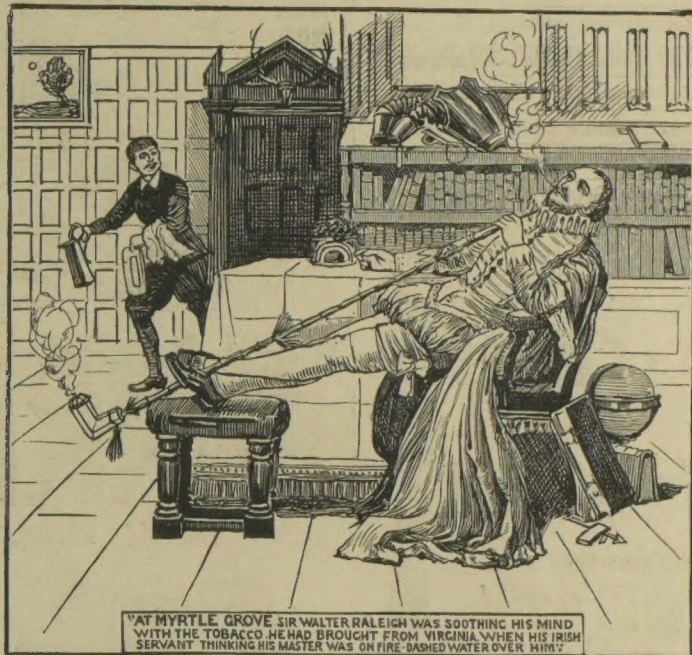
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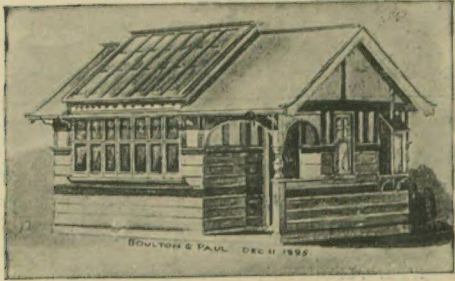
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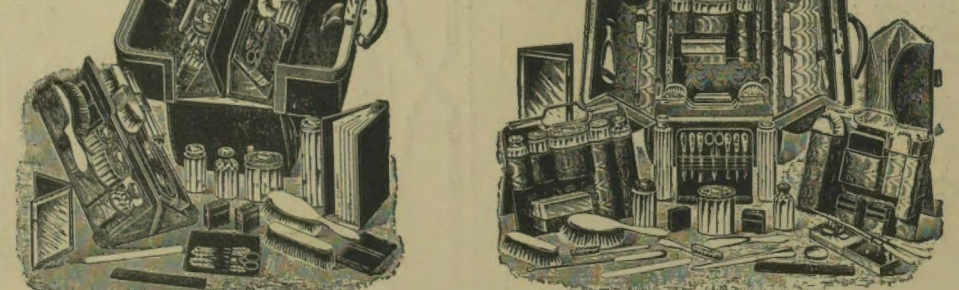
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